New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXIX | NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907. | NO. 33.

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The following articles in possession of David Noel and wife in Oxford township, Adams county, are the property of the undersigned, and all persons are hereby cautioned not to deal for same in any manner: 1 buffet, 1 lounge, 3 stands, 1 bureau, 2 tables, 2 chests, 8 chairs, 3 rockers, 1 sink, 1 cupboard, cook stove and fixtures, settee, 60 yards of carpet, and all other personal property now in possession of said David Noel and wife. C. A. CASHMAN.

Executrix's Notice.

ESTATE OF MARTIN HELTZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa., deceased.—Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement LUCINA HELTZEL, Executrix
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MONUMENTAL SQUARE, HANOVER, PA

Dispute Over Whiskey Led to Killing

York, Dec. 2.—Charged with the murder of Curvin and William Hoover, near Pleasureville, on the night of November 16, Henry Snyder, Lester Kauffman and Oscar Hoover, three young men of that vallage, were given a hearing before Alderman C. F. Keech to-day.

Snyder was held on the charges of assault and battery, murder and carrying concealed deadly weapons, and was returned to the county jail. Kauffman and Oscar Hoover were released on the assault and murder charges, there being insufficient evidence against them, but were held on the charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons. Their bail was fixed at $500 each and the youths furnished bondsmen and returned home with their parents.

Under oath, Detective White repeated a confession made to him by Henry Snyder on November 23 in the presence of William Pritz, turnkey at the jail. The substance of this confession is that the Hoover boys became involved in a dispute over the possession of a bottle of whiskey and that he, Snyder, shot Curvin Hoover, and then to conceal his crime, shot the older boy, William Hoover. That he then ran down the road and tossed the revolver into the field where it was found a few days ago.

Detective White's statement was corroborated by Wm. Pritz, the turnkey, and Dr. Minnick, the jail physician, to whom Snyder, it is alleged, made the same confession.

Attempted Suicide.

Hanover, Nov. 29.—Charles Lawyer, aged about 19 years, a cigar maker employed by D. McG. Newcomer, from all appearances attempted suicide last night about 8:30 o'clock by taking poison. The young man, who boards with Wm. Williams, was in good spirits during the day. He returned to his boarding house about 8 p. m. and at 8:30 p. m. went to his room. Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned home at 10 o'clock, when Mr. Williams went to Lawyer's room, and spoke to him; not receiving a reply he tried to awaken him, without success. Restoratives were administered but to no avail. Doctors M. M. and Roberta Fleagle were then called and labored with the young man for several hours until they succeeded in restoring him to consciousness at 8:30 a. m. today. On questioning him he refused to make any statement whatever, but denied having attempted suicide. The suicide theory is strengthened by the fact that a note was found addressed to an intimate lady friend, in which young Lawyer stated that his troubles would soon be over.

C. K. Yeager, Esq., of Pitt street, is attending the annual session of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M. of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, this week.

FOR RENT.—Large brick dwelling house adjoining Fair & Cashman store, Carlisle street, New Oxford. Possession given any time. Inquire of E. M. NEELY, New Oxford.

Mrs. Arthur Miller and her 3-year old son, Filmore, were both severely burned at York by the child igniting his clothing at a cook stove.

Hurrying to catch a railroad train on her way home, Mrs. Mary Sewall fell through a bridge at St. Clair, a distance of thirty feet One entire side of her body is paralyzed as the result of the fall, which will prove fatal.

While William Ottenbacher, of Bethlehem, was preparing a chicken Tuesday for his Thanksgiving dinner he found eight pearls in its craw. The largest pearl is about the size of a pea. The chicken was one of a lot purchased from a man who deals in oysters.

Playfully picking up a revolver which her father, Frank Winter, of Catasauqua, had laid on the window sill, Miss Geneva Winters, aged 14 years, in handling the weapon, accidentally pulled the trigger and a bullet hit Mr. Winters in the back, perhaps fatally injuring him.

John Steivel, a baby in his cradle, was fatally scalded at Pottsville while asleep near the stove, last Saturday. His mother was lifting a kettle of boiling water when the handle pulled out, the water poured over the infant and actually boiled the tender flesh from the bones Death soon followed.

FROM NEW CHESTER.

Charles Trimmer, mason, is working at Gettysburg.

Wm. Flemming visited friends at York Friday and Saturday.

W. A. Taughinbaugh, Esq., is having his house and barn repainted, Messrs. E. C Stough and W. A. Stambaugh of New Oxford, are the artists.

Ernest Pottorff has removed his family to Diehl's mill, near New Oxford. Mr. Pottorff will operate the mill for Diehl Bros.

Hafer and Ross Witter visited their grandparents at Hanover, Saturday and Sunday.

Jeff McIntire and Sam. Witter, millwrights, are working for Clinton Sadler at Roth's mill, near Biglerville.

Harry Strausbaugh, a son of Charles Strausbaugh, proprietor of the Washington House, Gettysburg, formerly of near Bonneauville, has been taken to a Philadelphia sanitarium for treatment.

Raymond Fink, of Irishtown, has returned from a Western trip during which he visited Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; San Francisco, California, and other points

Clinton S. Fickes, of Hanover, while working at a circular saw at the plant of the Smith Lyraphone Co. in the West End Tuesday morning had the index finger of his left hand cut off and two other fingers and the thumb of the same hand badly lacerated. Mr. Fickes at one time clerked in Sheely Bros. store, this place.

An altercation occurring recently at McSherrystown, between Roscoe Reider, Charles Busbey, son of John Busbey, and John Busbey, Jr., in which a dog was the central figure, resulted in a double suit—one against Reider for cruelty to animals on information of Charles Busbey, the other against John Busbey, Jr., for assault and battery, preferred by Reider. The accused were arrested by Officer Dougherty, and the cases were amicably settled before Squire V. H Lilly, Monday.

TRIED SUICIDE BY FIRE

Despondent Woman Poured Coal Oil Over Body and Lighted It.

Pottsown, Pa., Dec. 2.—Despondent because of continued ill health and suffering from mental abberration, Mrs. Charles Miller, wife of a prominent farmer of Frick's Locks, two miles east of here, attempted suicide by pouring a gallon of coal oil over her body and lighting it. She was in an outhouse when she made the attempt, and remained there until the flames had scorched the sides of the building. Then she ran to the barn where her husband was milking, and seeing her afire he seized a pail of milk and threw the contents over her. Neighbors rushed to the unfortunate woman and the flames were soon extinguished, but not until she had been fatally burned. The woman was removed to a hospital, where it was found that her death is only a matter of hours. During the last two weeks Mrs. Miller made two unsuccessful attempts at suicide. She is aged 43 years.

MRS. CAREY ACQUITTED

Not Guilty of Charge of Murdering Her Two Children.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Bridget Carey was acquitted of the charge of murdering her two children, but the effect of the verdict was overshadowed by the sensational action of Judge Barratt in declaring Assistant District Attorney William A. Gray in contempt, and entering a rule upon him to show cause why he should not be disbarred. This was the sequel to the exciting passage-at-arms between the judge and attorney during the examination of Dr. Wadsworth, and which the court declared would be settled after the trial was concluded.

Although freed of this charge, Mrs. Carey is still under indictment charged with the murder of Patrick and Cecilia Cook.

FATALLY STABBED IN JAIL

Quarrel Over Fourteen Cents Leads to Murder.

Camden, N. J., Nov. 30. — John Snell was fatally stabbed while in the county jail by Frederick Stewart, a fellow prisoner. The two quarreled over a loan of 14 cents which Snell made Stewart, who is a negro. The latter without warning pulled a stiletto and plunged it into Snell's stomach. The wounded man died five hours later in a hospital. He was awaiting trial on a charge of obtaining money under the pretense of being a fortune teller, while Stewart was arrested for assault.

PENKNIFE OPERATION

Physician Performs Tracheotomy With Pocket Instrument.

Springfield, O., Nov. 30.—By using a pocket knife, Dr. L. L. Syman saved the life of the 4-year-old daughter of John Hudson, a brakeman of this city. When the physician arrived the child was black in the face, choking from diphtheria. Having no instruments with him, Dr. Syman took his pocket knife and slit the windpipe and inserted a tube.

In an hour regular respiration was started, and the baby is greatly improved and will likely recover.

President Married Twenty Years.

Washington, Dec. 3.—President and Mrs. Roosevelt very quietly observed their 20th wedding anniversary. Several of the president's most intimate friends called at the White House during the day and offered congratulations.

Mayor Shoots Himself.

Ypsilanti, Mich., Nov. 30. — Mayor John Van Fossen fatally shot himself here because of ill health. He was 60 years old and had been prominent in local politics for many years.

RECOVERING THE BODIES

Pittsburg, Dec. 3.—The fate of five American and 31 foreign miners, while not definitely known, was pretty well established by the finding of the body of a mine pumper near the 22d entry of the Noami mine of the United Coal company at Fayette City, 35 miles from this city. The man had died from suffocation. Thirteen bodies have been recovered.

Judging from the fatalities thus far known, many having been caused by poisonous gas fumes, it is almost certain that the 36 miners still entombed in the mine have succumbed to the deadly after damp.

There is also a possibility that the explosion occurred, so close to the men that they were killed by its force or the resultant fall of tons of rock an dearth.

Since the explosion a large force of rescuers have labored almost constantly in an effort to reach the imprisoned men. The work has been necessarily slow on account of the wreckage and after damp Notwithstanding the fact that the rescue parties have worked in 15-minute relays, a score or more of their members have been compelled to go to their homes suffering from the poisonous gas. Two of the rescuers are in a critical condition.

All day long a crowd estimated at 2,000 persons have stood about the mouth of the ill-fated mine, awaiting some news from the entombed men. Hundreds of these persons are relatives or friends of the unfortunate miners and their grief is pitiful. Relatives have been impeding the work of the rescuers and officers arrived to keep them away from the pit mouth.

In the meantime it is the opinion of all that the men are dead.

FIRE HEMS IN ELEVEN

Miners Trapped 1000 Feet Underground In California.

Drytown, Cal., Dec. 2.—Eleven miners are imprisoned by a fire in the Fremont-Gover gold mine, and it is feared that they have perished. When the first skip containing 13 men was lowered in the Fremont shaft, reaching the 1000 foot level, volumes of smoke were encountered, showing that the mine was on fire. The skip became jammed at this point and could neither be hoisted nor lowered. It is supposed to have been thrown off the track by one of the men being overcome by smoke and falling against the front wheels of the skip. Two of the men aboard got out and climbed to the surface by means of the ladder. Great volumes of smoke are rising from the shaft.

KILLED BY EXPLOSION

Fifty Quarts of Nitro-Glycerine Accidentally Set Off.

Butler, Pa., Nov. 30.—Through the explosion of nitro-glycerine at a gas well on the Jane Whitmire farm, near Boydstown, James Holland was killed, Irwin Whitmire was seriously injured and a derrick and pump house were burned. A shot did not explode when hit by the "go-devil," and Holland and Whitmire carried a lantern into the derrick to investigate. Gas ignited from the lantern, causing an explosion that set off a 50-quart can of nitro-glycerine left standing on the floor.

CANNON RE-ELECTED SPEAKER

Washington, Dec. 3. — A brilliant scene characterized the meeting of the 60th congress. In the senate and house of representatives there were notable gatherings in the galleries of representatives of the official society of the capital. The coming together for the first time of the men who have been elected to the senate and the house, about a hundred of whom have not before served in congress, made the occasion one of particular interest.

The striking scenes of the day were in the house of representatives, where the formal selection of Joseph F. Cannon to again be speaker of that body, and the designation by the Democrats of John Sharp Williams as their leader, were occasions for ovations for those gentlemen. The vast hall of the house of representatives rang with the cheers of Republicans and Democrats for their leaders, and the speaker received as warm a reception from members of the minority as he did from his own party.

The appearance of Hon. William Jennings Bryan on the floor of the house also was the occasion for enthusiastic cheering by the Democrats.

When the adoption of rules for the government of the house during the 60th congress came up the rules of the last congress were opposed by John Sharp Williams, and he was joined in that opposition by Democrats and by a single Republican, Mr. Cooper, of Wisconsin. The old rules were declared to be too autocratic, placing too much power in the hands of the speaker, but after a somewhat acrimonious discussion they were adopted by a party vote.

Committees were appointed by both houses to inform the president that congress had met and was ready to receive any message he might wish to communicate.

New senators and representatives were sworn in, and both houses adjourned out of respect to the memory of members who have died during the recess of congress.

SHOT AND KILLED

Pennsylvania Railroad Track Walker Murdered at West Chester, Pa.

West Chester, Pa., Dec. 2.—Andrew Purcell, an aged track walker for the Pennsylvania Railroad company, was shot and killed at Frazier station, supposedly by a negro. A train stopped at Frazier, from which Walter Hibbard, former recorder of deeds of Chester county, and an unknown negro alighted. A few minutes after the train pulled away from the station an assistant of Purcell's heard two shots and saw the flash of fire from a pistol. When he ran up he found Purcell dead. The track walker had been shot through the head at close range. The assailant escaped in the darkness.

WAYLAID AND MURDERED

Blackwood, Pa., Man Beaten to Death With Club.

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 30.—Michael Lipshaw, of Blackwood, near here, was found murdered on the road, not far from his home. He had been waylaid in the shadow of a group of trees and beaten over the head with a club. His skull was crushed in. Beside the body lay a blood-stained club. A man known to the authorities, who is said to have threatened the life of Lipshaw, is missing from the neighborhood.

Cargo of Christmas Toys Burned.

Philadelphia, Dec. 3.—A cargo of Christmas toys and novelties, valued at $50,000, was practically destroyed in a fire hich was discovered in the hold of the Atlantic Transport company's freighter Montana at Washington avenue wharf, and burned for two hours before it was finally extinguished. The Montana, which came from London, arrived Sunday, and it is the belief of the ship's officers that the fire started on the other side and has been smouldering all the way across the Atlantic.

PANAMA BOND BIDDING HEAVY

Loan Many Times Oversubscribed By Over 3000 Offers.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Bidding for the Panama canal bonds closed with the comfortable conviction that the loan had been several times over-subscribed.

The following statement was issued at the treasury department:

"The bids for the $50,000,000 of Panama canal bonds, invited by the secretary's circular of November 18, were opened in the treasury department. There were more than 3000 bids, and the loan was many times over-subscribed. No complete tabulation had been possible as yet, but it can be stated that the average price is well above the present market price of the bonds. "Owing to the large number of bids to be considered it will be impracticable to make an allotment immediately."

Among the bidders was the National City Bank of New York, which submitted a number of bids, aggregating $5,000,000 at prices ranging from 101⅛ to 103. It also is understood that the First National bank of Chicago bid for a large amount of bonds at something in excess of 101.

THREE KILLED IN R. R. WRECK

Express Train Was "Sideswiped" by Freight at Shenandoah Junction.

Baltimore, Dec. 3.—In a wreck on the B & O. railroad at Shenandoah Junction three passengers were killed and a dozen were injured.

The combination coach and two Pullmans were derailed, one of the latter being badly damaged, but none of the occupants was injured.

The dead are: W. L F. Hoffman and his daughter, Nellie, of Baltimore, and an unidentified white man.

It is not believed that any of the injured were fatally hurt.

The accident occurred to the eastbound St. Louis and New York express, which was "sideswiped" by the derailed cars of a freight train that was run into by another freight just as the express was passing at a high rate of speed. The locomotive and first three cars of the passenger train escaped with a scraping of their sides, but the fourth car, a day coach, was thrown from the track and turned over with the resultant casualties.

Airship Blown to Sea.

London, Dec. 2. — An airship, believed to be the French military airship Patrie, which broke loose Saturday at Verdun, France, was seen passing over Wales from various places in Cardiganshire, travelling seaward at a great altitude. Some of the spectators declared that three men were clinging to the ship. In the afternoon an airship passed over Belfast, going northward, apparently under control.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, November 27.

Fire in the Whitehall-Tatem glass factory at Millville, N. J., caused a loss of $5000.

The Pennsylvania Democratic state committee expended $15,265 in the recent campaign for state treasurer.

At the age of 99 years, Charles W. Chase, a well-to-do farmer near Fall River, Mass., decided that life was not worth living and committed suicide by taking poison

In a speak-easy in Carter county, Ky., Sunday night, Samuel Rose and Jack Conn were killed during a pistol battle, making 11 tragedies in the same place within the past year.

Friday, November 29.

Mrs. Vannelia Meeker Hull, aged 100 years and 3 months, died at her home in Pittsburg.

Hugh Murray, grand secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada, died suddenly at his home at Hamilton, Ont., from apoplexy.

Despondent, it is said, when she learned she had been made a party to a mock marriage, Miss Osie Pierce committed suicide at Powhatan, O.

At Hurts, near Richmond, Va., on the Southern railway, south of Lynchburg, a passenger train struck and killed three unknown negroes who were walking on the track.

Saturday, November 30.

John Gillison, colored, was hanged at Madison Court House, Va., for the murder of Pearl Thomas, colored.

John Mason, formerly vice-consul of Portugal, died at his home in Philadelphia, from heart disease, aged 73 years.

George F. Porter, millionaire attorney and theatre man of Minneapolis was found dead in his room at the Paxton hotel, Omaha Neb.

Two firemen of the steamer Mauretania, on their way back to the steamer, after a night of shore leave in New York, fell off the pier and were drowned.

A fire which started from the overturning of a lamp in a barber shop, destroyed three-fourths of the town of Granite, Cal., a small mining station, 20 miles east of Leadville.

Monday, December 2.

Peter Wilkinson won the wheat threshing championship of Northumberland county, Pa., threshing 800 bushels in eight hours.

Overcome by gas, the bodies of Mrs. Catherine Logan, a widow, and her young daughter, Nina, were found in their home at Boston.

Ellis Taylor, of East Altoona, a brakeman of the Pennsylvania railroad, lost his balance, fell under the wheels on the Granville branch and was ground to pieces.

Dragging bales of hay from a near-by store into the bank to deaden the sound of the explosion, robbers dynamited the vault of a bank at New Franklin, Mo., and escaped with $4000 in cash.

Upon being knocked down by a brick, which fell 60 feet, Ben Newman, aged 18, a negro, in Altoona, Pa., crawled up and asked his fellow laborers, who expected to find him dead, who hit him.

Tuesday, December 3.

Major Jacob Downing, a noted Indian fighter, died at his home here at Denver, aged 77 years.

Lewis Guest climbed an electric light pole in Philadelphia, caught hold of a live wire and was instantly killed.

Professor J. Augustus Rice, for many years an instructor at Nazareth hall, Bethlehem, Pa., died of apoplexy, aged 69 years.

H. J. Groves, managing editor of the Kansas City (Mo.) Post, who was shot and wounded November 23 by General Richard Horne in the editorial rooms of the Post, died of his injuries.

Chairman James H. Ferriss issued a call for a Populist national convention to be held in St. Louis April 2, 1908, for the purpose of nominating candidates for president and vice president of the United States.

May Re-Open Jamestown Fair.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 3. — A meeting has been called for Tuesday of next week to launch a movement having for its object the re-opening of the Jamestown Exposition for four months next summer.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE—WHEAT steady; No. 2 spot, 99¼@99⅝c.; steamer No. 2 spot, 95@95⅞c.; southern, 95¼@99c. CORN steady; mixed spot, 62@62⅛c.; steamer mixed, 58½@58⅝c. OATS quiet; white, No. 2, 52½@53c.; No. 3, 51@52c.; No. 4, 49@50c.; mixed, No. 2, 50½@51c.; No. 3, 49@49½c. BUTTER firm; creamery separator extras, 28@29c.; prints, 29@30c.; held, 21@22c.; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 18@19c. EGGS firm; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 31c.; West Virginia, 30c.; southern, 28@29c. per dozen.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE lower; choice, $5.50@5.65; prime, $5.20@5.40. HOGS higher; prime heavies, medium and heavy yorkers, $5.60; light yorkers, $5.50; pigs, $5.25@5.40; roughs, $4.50@5. SHEEP lower; prime wethers, $5; culls and commons, $1.50@2.50; lambs, $4.50@6.40; veal calves, $8@8.75

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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1-1-08 Sec'y of Council.

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New Oxford, Pa.
Or her Attorney: John D. Keith,
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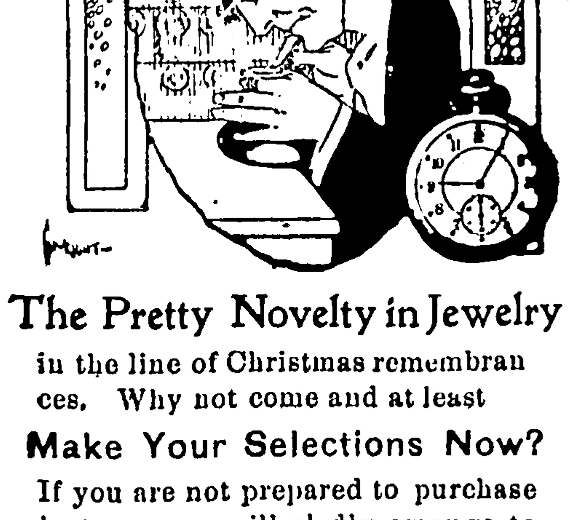

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Wm. Boadenhamer,
MONUMENTAL SQUARE, HANOVER, PA

Dispute Over Whiskey Led to Killing

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Snyder was held on the charges of assault and battery, murder and carrying concealed deadly weapons, and was returned to the county jail. Kauffman and Oscar Hoover were released on the assault and murder charges, there being insufficient evidence against them, but were held on the charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons. Their bail was fixed at $500 each and the youths furnished bondsmen and returned home with their parents.

Under oath, Detective White repeated a confession made to him by Henry Snyder on November 23 in the presence of William Pritz, turnkey at the jail. The substance of this confession is that the Hoover boys became involved in a dispute over the possession of a bottle of whiskey and that he, Snyder, shot Curvin Hoover, and then to conceal his crime, shot the older boy, William Hoover. That he then ran down the road and tossed the revolver into the field where it was found a few days ago.

Detective White's statement was corroborated by Wm. Pritz, the turnkey, and Dr. Minnick, the jail physician, to whom Snyder, it is alleged, made the same confession.

Attempted Suicide.

Hanover, Nov. 29.—Charles Lawyer, aged about 19 years, a cigar maker employed by D. McG. Newcomer, from all appearances attempted suicide last night about 8:30 o'clock by taking poison. The young man, who boards with Wm. Williams, was in good spirits during the day. He returned to his boarding house about 8 p. m. and at 8:30 p. m. went to his room. Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned home at 10 o'clock, when Mr. Williams went to Lawyer's room, and spoke to him; not receiving a reply he tried to awaken him, without success. Restoratives were administered but to no avail. Doctors M. M. and Roberta Fleagle were then called and labored with the young man for several hours until they succeeded in restoring him to consciousness at 8:30 a. m. today. On questioning him he refused to make any statement whatever, but denied having attempted suicide. The suicide theory is strengthened by the fact that a note was found addressed to an intimate lady friend, in which young Lawyer stated that his troubles would soon be over.

C. K. Yeager, Esq., of Pitt street, is attending the annual session of the Grand Lodge, F. and A M. of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, this week.

FOR RENT.—Large brick dwelling house adjoining Fair & Cashman store, Carlisle street, New Oxford. Possession given any time. Inquire of E. M. NEELY, New Oxford.

Mrs. Arthur Miller and her 3-year old son, Filmore, were both severely burned at York by the child igniting his clothing at a cook stove.

Hurrying to catch a railroad train on her way home, Mrs. Mary Sewall fell through a bridge at St. Clair, a distance of thirty feet One entire side of her body is paralyzed as the result of the fall, which will prove fatal.

While William Ottenbacher, of Bethlehem, was preparing a chicken Tuesday for his Thanksgiving dinner he found eight pearls in its craw. The largest pearl is about the size of a pea. The chicken was one of a lot purchased from a man who deals in oysters.

Playfully picking up a revolver which her father, Frank Winter, of Catasauqua, had laid on the window sill, Miss Geneva Winters, aged 14 years, in handling the weapon, accidentally pulled the trigger and a bullet hit Mr. Winters in the back, perhaps fatally injuring him.

John Steivel, a baby in his cradle, was fatally scalded at Pottsville while asleep near the stove, last Saturday. His mother was lifting a kettle of boi'ing water when the handle pulled out, the water poured over the infant and actually boiled the tender flesh from the bones Death soon followed.

FROM NEW CHESTER.

Charles Trimmer, mason, is working at Gettysburg.

Wm. Flemming visited friends at York Friday and Saturday.

W. A. Taughinbaugh, Esq., is having his house and barn repainted. Messrs. E. C Stough and W. A. Stambaugh of New Oxford, are the artists.

Ernest Pottorff has removed his family to Diehl's mill, near New Oxford. Mr. Pottorff will operate the mill for Diehl Bros.

Hafer and Ross Witter visited their grandparents at Hanover, Saturday and Sunday.

Jeff McIntire and Sam. Witter, millwrights, are working for Clinton Sadler at Roth's mill, near Biglerville.

Harry Strausbaugh, a son of Charles Strausbaugh, proprietor of the Washington House, Gettysburg, formerly of near Bonneauville, has been taken to a Philadelphia sanitarium tor treatment.

Raymond Fink, of Irishtown, has returned from a Western trip during which he visited Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; San Francisco, California, and other points

Clinton S. Fickes, of Hanover, while working at a circular saw at the plant of the Smith Lyraphone Co. in the West End Tuesday morning had the index finger of his left hand cut off and two other fingers and the thumb of the same hand badly lacerated. Mr. Fickes at one time clerked in Sheely Bros. store, this place.

An altercation occurring recently at McSherrystown, between Roscoe Reider, Charles Busbey, son of John Busbey, and John Busbey, Jr., in which a dog was the central figure, resulted in a double suit—one against Reider for cruelty to animals on information of Charles Busbey, the other against John Busbey, Jr., for assault and battery, preferred by Reider. The accused were arrested by Officer Dougherty, and the cases were amicably settled before Squire V. H Lilly, Monday.

TRIED SUICIDE BY FIRE

Despondent Woman Poured Coal Oil Over Body and Lighted It.

Pottsown, Pa., Dec. 2.—Despondent because of continued ill health and suffering from mental abberration, Mrs. Charles Miller, wife of a prominent farmer of Frick's Locks, two miles east of here, attempted suicide by pouring a gallon of coal oil over her body and lighting it. She was in an outhouse when she made the attempt, and remained there until the flames had scorched the sides of the building. Then she ran to the barn where her husband was milking, and seeing her afire he seized a pail of milk and threw the contents over her. Neighbors rushed to the unfortunate woman and the flames were soon extinguished, but not until she had been fatally burned. The woman was removed to a hospital, where it was found that her death is only a matter of hours. During the last two weeks Mrs. Miller made two unsuccessful attempts at suicide. She is aged 43 years.

MRS. CAREY ACQUITTED

Not Guilty of Charge of Murdering Her Two Children.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Bridget Carey was acquitted of the charge of murdering her two children, but the effect of the verdict was overshadowed by the sensational action of Judge Barratt in declaring Assistant District Attorney William A. Gray in contempt, and entering a rule upon him to show cause why he should not be disbarred. This was the sequel to the exciting passage-at-arms between the judge and attorney during the examination of Dr. Wadsworth, and which the court declared would be settled after the trial was concluded.

Although freed of this charge, Mrs. Carey is still under indictment charged with the murder of Patrick and Cecilia Cook.

FATALLY STABBED IN JAIL

Quarrel Over Fourteen Cents Leads to Murder.

Camden, N. J., Nov. 30. — John Snell was fatally stabbed while in the county jail by Frederick Stewart, a fellow prisoner. The two quarreled over a loan of 14 cents which Snell made Stewart, who is a negro. The latter without warning pulled a stiletto and plunged it into Snell's stomach. The wounded man died five hours later in a hospital. He was awaiting trial on a charge of obtaining money under the pretense of being a fortune teller, while Stewart was arrested for assault.

PENKNIFE OPERATION

Physician Performs Tracheotomy With Pocket Instrument.

Springfield, O., Nov. 30.—By using a pocket knife, Dr. L. L. Syman saved the life of the 4-year-old daughter of John Hudson, a brakeman of this city. When the physician arrived the child was black in the face, choking from diphtheria. Having no instruments with him, Dr. Syman took his pocket knife and slit the windpipe and inserted a tube.

In an hour regular respiration was started, and the baby is greatly improved and will likely recover.

President Married Twenty Years.

Washington, Dec. 3.—President and Mrs. Roosevelt very quietly observed their 20th wedding anniversary. Several of the president's most intimate friends called at the White House during the day and offered congratulations.

Mayor Shoots Himself.

Ypsilanti, Mich., Nov. 30. — Mayor John Van Fossen fatally shot himself here because of ill health. He was 60 years old and had been prominent in local politics for many years.

RECOVERING THE BODIES

Pittsburg, Dec. 3.—The fate of five American and 31 foreign miners, while not definitely known, was pretty well established by the finding of the body of a mine pumper near the 22d entry of the Noami mine of the United Coal company at Fayette City, 35 miles from this city. The man had died from suffocation. Thirteen bodies have been recovered.

Judging from the fatalities thus far known, many having been caused by poisonous gas fumes, it is almost certain that the 36 miners still entombed in the mine have succumbed to the deadly after damp.

There is also a possibility that the explosion occurred, so close to the men that they were killed by its force or the resultant fall of tons of rock an dearth.

Since the explosion a large force of rescuers have labored almost constantly in an effort to reach the imprisoned men. The work has been necessarily slow on account of the wreckage and after damp. Notwithstanding the fact that the rescue parties have worked in 15-minute relays, a score or more of their members have been compelled to go to their homes suffering from the poisonous gas. Two of the rescuers are in a critical condition.

All day long a crowd estimated at 2,000 persons have stood about the mouth of the ill-fated mine, awaiting some news from the entombed men. Hundreds of these persons are relatives or friends of the unfortunate miners and their grief is pitiful. Relatives have been impeding the work of the rescuers and officers arrived to keep them away from the pit mouth.

In the meantime it is the opinion of all that the men are dead.

FIRE HEMS IN ELEVEN

Miners Trapped 1000 Feet Underground in California.

Drytown, Cal., Dec. 2.—Eleven miners are imprisoned by a fire in the Fremont-Gover gold mine, and it is feared that they have perished. When the first skip containing 13 men was lowered in the Fremont shaft, reaching the 1000 foot level, volumes of smoke were encountered, showing that the mine was on fire. The skip became jammed at this point and could neither be hoisted nor lowered. It is supposed to have been thrown off the track by one of the men being overcome by smoke and falling against the front wheels of the skip. Two of the men aboard got out and climbed to the surface by means of the ladder. Great volumes of smoke are rising from the shaft.

KILLED BY EXPLOSION

Fifty Quarts of Nitro-Glycerine Accidentally Set Off.

Butler, Pa., Nov. 30.—Through the explosion of nitro-glycerine at a gas well on the Jane Whitmire farm, near Boydstown, James Holland was killed, Irwin Whitmire was seriously injured and a derrick and pump house were burned. A shot did not explode when hit by the "go-devil," and Holland and Whitmire carried a lantern into the derrick to investigate. Gas ignited from the lantern, causing an explosion that set off a 50-quart can of nitro-glycerine left standing on the floor.

CANNON RE-ELECTED SPEAKER

Washington, Dec. 3. — A brilliant scene characterized the meeting of the 60th congress. In the senate and house of representatives there were notable gatherings in the galleries of representatives of the official society of the capital. The coming together for the first time of the men who have been elected to the senate and the house, about a hundred of whom have not before served in congress, made the occasion one of particular interest.

The striking scenes of the day were in the house of representatives, where the formal selection of Joseph F. Cannon to again be speaker of that body, and the designation by the Democrats of John Sharp Williams as their leader, were occasions for ovations for those gentlemen. The vast hall of the house of representatives rang with the cheers of Republicans and Democrats for their leaders, and the speaker received as warm a reception from members of the minority as he did from his own party.

The appearance of Hon. William Jennings Bryan on the floor of the house also was the occasion for enthusiastic cheering by the Democrats.

When the adoption of rules for the government of the house during the 60th congress came up the rules of the last congress were opposed by John Sharp Williams, and he was joined in that opposition by Democrats and by a single Republican, Mr. Cooper, of Wisconsin. The old rules were declared to be too autocratic, placing too much power in the hands of the speaker, but after a somewhat acrimonious discussion they were adopted by a party vote.

Committees were appointed by both houses to inform the president that congress had met and was ready to receive any message he might wish to communicate.

New senators and representatives were sworn in, and both houses adjourned out of respect to the memory of members who have died during the recess of congress.

SHOT AND KILLED

Pennsylvania Railroad Track Walker Murdered at West Chester, Pa.

West Chester, Pa., Dec. 2.—Andrew Purcell, an aged track walker for the Pennsylvania Railroad company, was shot and killed at Frazier station, supposedly by a negro. A train stopped at Frazier, from which Walter Hibbard, former recorder of deeds of Chester county, and an unknown negro alighted. A few minutes after the train pulled away from the station an assistant of Purcell's heard two shots and saw the flash of fire from a pistol. When he ran up he found Purcell dead. The track walker had been shot through the head at close range. The assailant escaped in the darkness.

WAYLAID AND MURDERED

Blackwood, Pa., Man Beaten to Death With Club.

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 30.—Michael Lipshaw, of Blackwood, near here, was found murdered on the road, not far from his home. He had been waylaid in the shadow of a group of trees and beaten over the head with a club. His skull was crushed in. Beside the body lay a blood-stained club. A man known to the authorities, who is said to have threatened the life of Lipshaw, is missing from the neighborhood.

Cargo of Christmas Toys Burned.

Philadelphia, Dec. 3.—A cargo of Christmas toys and novelties, valued at $50,000, was practically destroyed in a fire hich was discovered in the hold of the Atlantic Transport company's freighter Montana at Washington avenue wharf, and burned for two hours before it was finally extinguished. The Montana, which came from London, arrived Sunday, and it is the belief of the ship's officers that the fire started on the other side and has been smouldering all the way across the Atlantic.

PANAMA BOND BIDDING HEAVY

Loan Many Times Oversubscribed By Over 3000 Offers.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Bidding for the Panama canal bonds closed with the comfortable conviction that the loan had been several times over-subscribed.

The following statement was issued at the treasury department:

"The bids for the $50,000,000 of Panama canal bonds, invited by the secretary's circular of November 18, were opened in the treasury department. There were more than 3000 bids, and the loan was many times over-subscribed. No complete tabulation had been possible as yet, but it can be stated that the average price is well above the present market price of the bonds.

"Owing to the large number of bids to be considered it will be impracticable to make an allotment immediately."

Among the bidders was the National City Bank of New York, which submitted a number of bids, aggregating $5,000,000 at prices ranging from 101⅛ to 103. It also is understood that the First National bank of Chicago bid for a large amount of bonds at something in excess of 101.

THREE KILLED IN R. R. WRECK

Express Train Was "Sideswiped" by Freight at Shenandoah Junction.

Baltimore, Dec. 3.—In a wreck on the B. & O. railroad at Shenandoah Junction three passengers were killed and a dozen were injured.

The combination coach and two Pullmans were derailed, one of the latter being badly damaged, but none of the occupants was injured.

The dead are: W. L. F. Hoffman and his daughter, Nellie, of Baltimore, and an unidentified white man.

It is not believed that any of the injured were fatally hurt.

The accident occurred to the eastbound St. Louis and New York express, which was "sideswiped" by the derailed cars of a freight train that was run into by another freight just as the express was passing at a high rate of speed. The locomotive and first three cars of the passenger train escaped with a scraping of their sides, but the fourth car, a day coach, was thrown from the track and turned over with the resultant casualties.

Airship Blown to Sea.

London, Dec. 2. — An airship, believed to be the French military airship Patrie, which broke loose Saturday at Verdun, France, was seen passing over Wales from various places in Cardiganshire, travelling seaward at a great altitude. Some of the spectators declared that three men were clinging to the ship. In the afternoon an airship passed over Belfast, going northward, apparently under control.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, November 27.

Fire in the Whitehall-Tatem glass factory at Millville, N. J., caused a loss of $5000.

The Pennsylvania Democratic state committee expended $15,265 in the recent campaign for state treasurer.

At the age of 99 years, Charles W. Chase, a well-to-do farmer near Fall River, Mass., decided that life was not worth living and committed suicide by taking poison.

In a speak-easy in Carter county, Ky., Sunday night, Samuel Rose and Jack Conn were killed during a pistol battle, making 11 tragedies in the same place within the past year.

Friday, November 29.

Mrs. Vannelia Meeker Hull, aged 100 years and 3 months, died at her home in Pittsburg.

Hugh Murray, grand secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada, died suddenly at his home at Hamilton, Ont., from apoplexy.

Despondent, it is said, when she learned she had been made a party to a mock marriage, Miss Osie Pierce committed suicide at Powhatan, O.

At Hurts, near Richmond, Va., on the Southern railway, south of Lynchburg, a passenger train struck and killed three unknown negroes who were walking on the track.

Saturday, November 30.

John Gillison, colored, was hanged at Madison Court House, Va., for the murder of Pearl Thomas, colored.

John Mason, formerly vice-consul of Portugal, died at his home in Philadelphia, from heart disease, aged 73 years.

George F. Porter, millionaire attorney and theatre man, of Minneapolis, was found dead in his room at the Paxton hotel, Omaha, Neb.

Two firemen of the steamer Mauretania, on their way back to the steamer, after a night of shore leave in New York, fell off the pier and were drowned.

A fire which started from the overturning of a lamp in a barber shop, destroyed three-fourths of the town of Granite, Cal., a small mining station, 20 miles east of Leadville.

Monday, December 2.

Peter Wilkinson won the wheat threshing championship of Northumberland county, Pa., threshing 806 bushels in eight hours.

Overcome by gas, the bodies of Mrs. Catherine Logan, a widow, and her young daughter, Nina, were found in their home at Boston.

Ellis Taylor, of East Altoona, a brakeman of the Pennsylvania railroad, lost his balance, fell under the wheels on the Granville branch and was ground to pieces.

Dragging bales of hay from a nearby store into the bank to deaden the sound of the explosion, robbers dynamited the vault of a bank at New Franklin, Mo., and escaped with $4000 in cash.

Upon being knocked down by a brick, which fell 60 feet, Ben Newman, aged 18, a negro, in Altoona, Pa., crawled up and asked his fellow laborers, who expected to find him dead, who hit him.

Tuesday, December 3.

Major Jacob Downing, a noted Indian fighter, died at his home here at Denver, aged 77 years.

Lewis Guest climbed an electric light pole in Philadelphia, caught hold of a live wire and was instantly killed.

Professor J. Augustus Rice, for many years an instructor at Nazareth hall, Bethlehem, Pa., died of apoplexy, aged 60 years.

H. J. Groves, managing editor of the Kansas City (Mo.) Post, who was shot and wounded November 23 by General Richard Horne in the editorial rooms of the Post, died of his injuries.

Chairman James H. Ferriss issued a call for a Populist national convention to be held in St. Louis April 2, 1908, for the purpose of nominating candidates for president and vice president of the United States.

May Re-Open Jamestown Fair.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 3. — A meeting has been called for Tuesday of next week to launch a movement having for its object the re-opening of the Jamestown Exposition for four months next summer.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE—WHEAT steady; No. 2 spot, 99½@99⅝c.; steamer No. 2 spot, 95@95⅛c.; southern, 95½@99c. CORN steady; mixed spot, 62@62⅛c.; steamer mixed, 58½@58⅝c. OATS quiet; white, No. 2, 52½@53c.; No. 3, 51@52c.; No. 4, 49@50c.; mixed, No. 2, 50½@51c.; No. 3, 49@49½c. BUTTER firm; creamery separator extras, 28@29c.; prints, 29@30c.; held, 21@22c. Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 18@19c. EGGS firm; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 31c.; West Virginia, 30c.; southern, 28@29c. per dozen.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE lower; choice, $5.50@5.65, prime, $5.20@5.40. HOGS higher; prime heavies, medium and heavy yorkers, $5.60; light yorkers, $5.50; pigs, $5.25@5.40; roughs, $4.50@5. SHEEP lower. prime wethers, $5; culls and commons, $1.50@2.50; lambs, $4.50@6.40; veal calves, $8@8.75.

UNCLE ELDER.

By ROY ROLFE GILSON,

Author of "When Love is Young," "In the Morning Glow," Etc.

His first name was John, but being the first of two sons, his family had called him Elder, and Uncle Elder he was to me. Within my memory he was ever a tall, gray man—gray top to toe, gray haired, gray bearded, gray as to clothes, which were usually of the old fashioned pepper and salt variety, and even as to boots, gray also, except on a Sunday.

He had once been poor, and the ample fortune acquired, Western fashion, in land and mortgages had come so gradually, and was so hardly won withal, it had altered nothing in my Uncle Elder, who, as director in no less than three banks and a dozen stock companies, more or less, was of the same shrewd, frugal, hard-headed character as in the early days. His language, too, was still the plain homespun English of his pioneer sire, dyed originally a rich butternut, but somewhat faded now by long exposure to the Western sun, and otherwise mellowed in tone by the assiduous attentions of his daughter Milly, a Vassar girl. Now, Uncle Elder was a man of few words, and the task which my cousin Milly had set herself may seem a light one. But no! Those precious syllables were the product of such inward stress—it took, as it were, such an avalanche of feeling, or, on the other hand, and more frequently, such long and careful mental debate and deliberation, that when his words did come, they were inevitable. They were not idle words. They were the pith of the matter, and not to be held back save by the very root of it—which, as I have observed, is not infrequently ungrammatical.

I was rather afraid of my Uncle Elder. Physically tall, mentally adamant, religiously Methodist, and a deacon at that, I held myself stiffly in his presence in my youngest days, and in all my skylarking kept an eye on the horizon. He was not apt to take me by surprise, however, his height and long stride usually defining him at a safe distance, especially in summer, when he wore a duster.

"H'lo, son," he would say.

"H'lo, Uncle Elder."

It was a wonderful day when we grew more familiar than that, I can tell you; and when I add that he was far more likely to add a dime than a word to such salutations, I did not imply any marked fluency in silvery speech. A dime, I believe, was worth twenty cents to my Uncle Elder.

But when I grew up, when the high school was over, that blessed old fellow went down into the long, deep pockets of his pepper and salts and fished up a college education! He had no son and I looked like my father. So when college was over, it was to Uncle Elder that I outlined my plans and confided my dreams. I was not afraid of him any longer, and besides, the dreams were so beautiful.

"Uncle Elder," said I, "since you ask me, I'll tell you flatly I've found my vocation."

"That's good," said he. "Spit it out, Sammy."

"Now you may not appr—, but—"

"What diff'rence that make?" asked my Uncle Elder.

"Well, of course," said I, "I'd like to please you, and I know I owe you more than I probably ever can repay—in dollars, I mean."

"Money talks, Samuel."

"I know it," said I, "and that's what troubles me."

"Never asked you to pay a cent back, my son, did I?"

"No, that's true, Uncle Elder."

"Well, then," said he, "what's the use of worryin'? All I ask is that you sha'n't make a fool of yourself."

"And I won't, Uncle Elder. I promise you that. I'll make you proud of me, or, by George, I'll—"

It was well, on the whole, as I look backward, that I had the gumption to stop right there. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing now that I did not commit myself.

My Uncle Elder lighted a cigar.

"Well, now, Sammy," said he, "what's that there plan you was a-talkin' of?"

"Uncle Elder," said I, slipping to the edge of my chair, and then pausing in my speech, to consider how best I might introduce the matter, "Uncle Elder, I've got a plan that is not, I believe, in any sense commonplace or hackneyed. I'm sure you will admit that. I'm sure of it. I'm as positive of it as I am that you're smoking."

"Well," said my uncle amiably, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "there seems to be pretty fair ground for that final assumption o' yours. Sammy."

"And I tell you, Uncle Elder," I went on, "that while such plans of my have failed—I don't pretend that they haven't—I don't go that far—I hope you won't get any impression that I'm so visionary as all that, Uncle—still, I've got some ideas in connection with this plan of mine that are so original, and natural, and illuminating—"

"Natural gas, Sammy?" queried my Uncle Elder.

"You wait and see," I replied, laughing to please him. "You just wait. Wait till I've unfolded this plot of mine, and if you don't say there's something in it, I li—"

But here, too, and wisely, as I now think, I kept my counsel as to the alternative.

"I know I'm young," I continued. "I know that I've a lot to learn. I know that I'll probably make mistakes—that is, of judgment, of course,—yourself, Uncle Elder. You know how it is, then. But suppose I do? Suppose, for the purpose of argument, Uncle Elder—"

"Now, Samuel, I—I take exception to them last words o' yourn. When I begin to argue's time enough to—"

"I know. I realize that, Uncle Elder, perfectly. But as I say, just suppose a case, and one not unlikely, either, I'm bound to admit—"

"But, Sammy, don't you think—"

"Pardon me, just one moment, Uncle Elder, until I complete my idea; I was about to say that assuming that even this plan of mine should go wrong—which it won't, of course—but, as I say, just assuming the case, and supposing that—"

"But look-a-here, Sammy—"

"Above all things, Uncle Elder—pardon me for interrupting you for a moment—don't get the idea that I have any doubt of this plan, personally. Heavens! Why, I haven't the shadow of a doubt. I have considered the matter carefully. I've spent days on it, and laid awake nights over it, and talked it over with men who know all about such things. I've discussed it with them from every point of view. I have even gone so far as to write to some of the most eminent authorities in the country about it—safe men, conservative men, men who would not be swayed by mere youthful enthusiasm, you understand. And I have considered my natural qualifications."

"Now you're talkin', Sammy," cried Uncle Elder, "'specially if it's law or politics you've got in mind. Excuse my hollerin', but I wanted you to know. Go on. Don't let me—"

"It's neither pulpit nor bar, Uncle, but it's something a sight higher, to my mind—something for which I feel that I am fitted not only by inclination and sympathy, but by those natural qualifications to which I have referred; something which my grasp of the English tongue—"

"You're on the right track there, Sammy. I say you're on the right track there, b' thunder."

"Something," I went on, gathering a momentum which I felt must carry all before me, "something for which all my waking and sleeping dreams—"

"Hold no, Sam! Hold on, jest a minute. Don't you think it might be a good idee to tell the plan first?"

"I was just coming to it, Uncle. I was about to say, however, that while all youthful plans are likely to seem visionary, and while some of the greatest accomplishments of the human mind have been laughed at, and sneered at, as impossible, when first proposed—why, take the steam engine, and the telegraph, for example, and the telephone, and a thousand other of the greatest discoveries the world—"

"Understand that, Samuel. I understand all that. But what I want to get at is—"

"I was just coming to it, Uncle." Uncle Elder rose.

"Sammy, I—I'd like to believe you. You're my brother's boy. I've seen you grow up, and never 'a' known you to wilfully prevaricate, but as I say, life is short and time is fleetin' and I've got a meetin'."

He smiled.

"Which is poetry, and sense, too," he added, looking at me kindly, he was so pleased with his rhyme.

And then I told him.

"Uncle Elder," said I, seizing that golden opportunity, "Uncle Elder, you're—you're kind of literary yourself, I see. The fact is, sir, you've almost divined my secret. Yes, sir. Uncle Elder, it's a—well, sir, the truth of the matter is, sir, it's a novel that I've got in my mind."

Uncle Elder sat down.

And then I warmed to my theme. Now that the worst was over, now that the cat was out of the bag, and my Uncle Elder still breathed, and I still had the floor, while he sat, unmoved, so far as I could see, gazing tranquilly upon me and still puffing meditatively at his cigar, I felt that, as never before, I could bare my dreams. It came upon me like a flash that I had never known my Uncle Elder; that probably no one had ever known him as I knew him now. Somehow I had taken him unawares. Here was the grim old man gentle as a lamb, and touched, I could see, by my eloquence—proof positive, I told myself, that under a hard exterior may exist a heart tender as woman's and all undreamed of because long concealed, like his, in a world of business. My heart went out to him. I could have seized his hand, but restrained myself, fearing that by too much emotion I might arouse him to a sense of his own disclosure. But I loved him; for the first time in all my life, I think, I truly loved him; and was touched, well-nigh to tears, by this new knowledge of the poetry hidden in my uncle's soul.

"Uncle Elder," I said shrewdly, "in your own youth you may have had a dream which you never realized. Most men have. Now you look back upon it and say to yourself, 'I might have done thus and so.' It is to avoid that that I am determined to stick to this dream of mine. I am determined not to put it aside as something to be done when I have so much leisure or money. Uncle Elder, I am going to avoid regret. I am going to live my life so that, whether successful or not in the world's eyes, I can comfort my old age with the reflection that I have lived my life—the life of my heart's delight."

Uncle Elder lowered his eyes, and when he raised them, avoided mine.

"Uncle Elder," I said with feeling, "it has been given me, young as I am, to see lights hidden under bushels. It is that of which the truest literature is made, sir. I do not judge men merely by their horny hands, or their seamed faces, or their profane or indifferent speech. It is my joy—and pain—to prove their hearts; and in this novel which I have in mind I shall show the world not the impossible, not the improbable, and not merely the life of yesterday, or today, or to-morrow, but that life which was human and common and everyday in the age of Homer, as it is true in your time and mine, and will be true in my children's era, and in that of my children's children. Uncle Elder, if I can make men pause in their toil and notice the ant hill and the dandelion they have just now trodden thoughtlessly beneath their feet—if I can make them look up, as they mop the sweat from their brows, and see the exquisite hue of God's blessed sky, unnoticed because perpetually above them—if I can call their attention to the roseate beauty of their own little hearth fires, and to the rich treasure, treasure which money cannot buy and which cannot be measured by any human currency, treasure of love, I mean, which shines in the faces of little children, however ragged, and of wives and helpmeets, however bent with toil—if I can do that, Uncle Elder, will anything else—matter—do you think?"

He gave me a look so kind, so thoughtful, so comprehending, that my heart glowed.

"There are your acres, Uncle Elder," I said earnestly, pointing to the wheat fields waving in the summer wind. "The world says, 'Elder Baxter is a farmer,' but I say, 'Elder Baxter hath fed his kind.' I, too, want to feed my kind, Uncle Elder—and with a bread as white and satisfying as the loaves potential in those fields out there. I, too, would sow and reap those acres which have been allotted to me—soil of the soul which may be as beneficent as ever earthly loam, sir. I have a crop long planted and already flourishing, here, in my mind. It is my novel. It is my first novel, Uncle Elder, and the plot is new, though it is the old, old story of man's toil and love. The first chapter is already written. I have read it to a dozen persons, I suppose—competent judges—and they all tell me that nothing like it was ever done before. Why, they laughed and cried, sir. What better proof, in this age of materialism, than to touch one's fellows to smiles and tears?"

Uncle Elder nodded. He was heart and soul with me, I could see. He rose suddenly and walked to the window, and then coming back, sat down again.

"Imagine," I said, "a man gray with years, sitting in his dooryard, in the sun. His paper has slipped from his hands to the garden path, where his little grandchild plays with toy soldiers and prattles warfare in the shadow of the lilacs; and as he sits there, watching the child, and smiling upon him, and thinking of the days when his own son played in that very sand, and remembering, still farther back in his long lifetime, his own childhood on the prairie farm—as he sits there, smiling and thinking, death—" Uncle Eben started.

"Death comes to him—death comes to him—"

I paused. "And his little grandson goes on playing, thinking him asleep there, in his chair."

Uncle Elder reached for his handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Is not that life, sir?" I said quietly. "Well—it is the story of that old gray man I am going to tell. I, the teller, am supposed to be the boy, you see, that went on playing—grown up now, and knowing his grandsire's life as he never dreamed of it then, and touched by its struggles. I tell it to my own little boy, playing at warfare in the sun. It was no easy life, I tell you, that old gray man's. Many thought it hard, and heartless, and unbeautiful—all prose, no poetry. But I'll show them what they never guessed. I'll lay it bare. I'll dig out the gold from its sandy bed, Uncle Elder. I'll show them the diamond in the stone. I'll take them by their heartstrings and—Uncle Elder—Uncle Elder, I'll ask your permission, now, to dedicate that book—to you."

Uncle Elder rose. Tears!—tears stood in his eyes, and he wiped them away with his red handkerchief, and cleared his throat well before he spoke. It was some minutes before he could trust himself. His eyes wandered to the waving wheat fields, and his cigar burned on unheeded in his limp fingers. I waited happily. I could afford to wait.

"Samuel," he said, and cleared his throat again, "Samuel," and then slowly he resumed his smoking.

"Oh, it will make a corking novel!" I exclaimed, unable longer to restrain my pent-up feelings, and striking the table with my hand. The sound aroused him. Slowly he turned his head and fixed his gaze gravely, musingly, upon me.

"Any money in it?" asked my Uncle Elder.—Woman's Home Companion.

There are 38,804 unmarried women in the city of Westminster. Why not face the situation and call the place "Westspinster?"

Busy Life of Miss Gould

Recollections of a Former Secretary of the Philanthropist.

"The Recollections of a Former Private Secretary," printed in the "Cosmopolitan," is likely to have a good many interested readers, since the subject of the reminiscences is that much talked of and little known woman, Helen Miller Gould. As to Miss Gould's outward self, this article gives little idea. "I was asked by interested friends," the writer, Ruth Fuller Field, says after describing her first interview with her future employer, "about my impressions—about her dress, her hair and other details so important to the average woman. . . . There were only two impressions left in my memory—her eyes, so wonderful in their kindness and yet so keen, . . . and the luminous depths of a solitaire pearl ring she wore. The gray of her eyes and the same color in the ring harmonized perfectly in their appearance of cold and reserved sympathy."

It is with the woman herself that this article deals, and very truly one feels as one reads it. A serious, quiet, almost shy woman, very capable, very conscientious.

"Miss Gould has the faculty," says Miss Field, "of giving her mind to two things at once, each receiving absolute attention. She is quick in her decisions and definite in her answers. In submitting letters to her the ones of greatest importance were touched upon first, as she was liable to close the interview very abruptly. I do not remember ever having time enough to finish all the important matters at one sitting. Affairs kept Miss Gould rushed from morning till night, and she was the last person in the world who seemed to have the slightest claim to one quiet hour of her time."

People who write "personal" on their letters of appeal to Miss Gould, and fondly imagine that this mark secures her individual attention, are very much mistaken, says Miss Field.

"They do not realize that at the time their letters are received three hundred or more similar ones come into the house." Some letters are immediately torn up. The ones that begin 'My dear Mr. Carnegie" or "My dear Mr. Vanderbilt" meet that fate, Miss Gould probably feeling that people who mix their begging letters like that deserve little consideration.

Some letters are marked by the secretary who reads them with a sign meaning "Not worthy of a reply"—such, for instance, as requests for "a million dollars or a set of false teeth." Some are marked to be answered by an engraved form of refusal—"Miss Gould feels that she cannot respond to your request . . . at this time," etc. Not infrequently this form comes back to Miss Gould after a year or two, inclosed in a second appeal saying that the writer is sure that Miss Gould is willing "by this time to fulfill the promise made in the letter inclosed herewith." The letters requesting charity are mostly put in the hands of a stenographer to be answered, but the large numbers of business letters from the heads of the various charities in which Miss Gould is interested have her personal attention. The file of them is always ready for her—a secretary having read them and jotted down the chief points on the envelopes—and whenever she has a bit of leisure she goes through some, the "leisure" being when she is in the hands of her hairdresser or her manicure, or when she is eating a hurried luncheon from a tray in her room.

Many letters come from "cranks"—some savoring so seriously of blackmail that they are placed in the hands of a lawyer. Letters from cranks seldom get beyond the secretaries, unless they happen to be funny enough to give to Miss Gould, "who is too serious and almost overburdened with her responsibilities," a chance for a good laugh.

Wedding rings—which frequently come to Miss Gould along with the offers of marriage she receives—are always returned by registered letter, for sometimes they have cost as much as 10 cents, or even more, and if they were not returned Miss Gould might be accused of keeping the ring without fulfilling her obligations. Gifts with strings attached are returned, but those which are genuine expressions of appreciation of her work are kept. Special pleasure does Miss Gould take in her cabinet of souvenirs from soldiers and sailors, "and so wonderful is her memory," says Miss Field, "that the history of each gift is fresh in her mind."

"Society as it is known today does not interest Miss Gould in the least, except to deplore its shallowness," says the writer. Her social secretary keeps her long visiting list in order and up to date, and during the season hands her each day the "at home" cards for that day, and cards are sent to the many upon whom it is not possible for her to call. Upon a few she calls, and it is the older people, her mother's friends, whom she sees oftenest and with whom she is happiest. She is shy about meeting people, and always prefers to slip out quietly after paying her respects to the hostess.

But Miss Gould in "society" and Miss Gould making good times at Lyndhurst, her Tarrytown home, for small boys and girls who otherwise might not have many good times, perhaps, are two very different persons. "Her summers are lived for children," says Miss Field. The Gould kennels, home of the famous prize-winning St. Bernards, are converted into a modern cooking school, where girls—and boys, too—learn to prepare simple dainty dishes. Then, there is the sewing school, ending in the autumn with a glorious big lawn party, at which Miss Gould "goes from one group to another, her face as merry as those of the children." For the boys there is the clubhouse Miss Gould built near Lyndhurst, where they have gymnastics and manual training, and she takes great pride in asking her guests to be seated in a certain comfortable Morris chair "made by my little boys of Lyndhurst Club."

Once a group of one hundred children from the Home for the Friendless were coming to Lyndhurst on a nutting excursion. The day before they were to come Miss Gould made a sad discovery; some one had gathered all the chestnuts from under the trees! Posthaste she sent to New York for several bushels of nuts, which were scattered broadcast under the trees. It is a pretty story, and one which gives a better notion of her character, perhaps, than many an act which made more noise in the world.

In spite of the great care exercised by Miss Gould and her helpers in responding to appeals for help, she is sometimes fooled—more often almost so. Once there came an appeal ostensibly from a woman on the East Side, in New York. She was about to become a mother; her husband had no work; no money. Would Miss Gould send her a few simple garments for the little one that was coming? Miss Gould instructed her secretary to purchase an outfit and take it to the address given. The secretary, being very busy, sent a messenger with the outfit. Next day came a letter expressing gratitude, but also dismay; the baby was twins! Promptly the kindhearted Miss Gould dispatched a duplicate outfit, and later in the day the secretary went over to the East Side tenement house and found the rooms with the address given in the letter—but no poverty stricken mother, no babies. The "twins" were two little old men, who sat amiably together there, contentedly emptying a bottle of whiskey purchased with what the pawnbroker had given them for the baby clothes.

Ginseng and Belladonna Growing In California.

Recent investigations made by the State Board of Trade demonstrate that the growing of ginseng can be made very profitable in California, although the plant is not indigenous to the State. All the requisites of soil, moisture, and climate are to be found in California.

One tract of land located in Santa Clara County, containing over 100 acres, was planted in ginseng about two years ago, and gives flattering promise of good returns next year, when the first crop is to be harvested. Another tract in Marin County was planted a little later than the one in Santa Clara County, and now gives promise of yielding equally well.

Ginseng is a drug used as a basis for almost all Chinese remedies. It sells in the market in its natural state for about $8.50 a pound, while the fluid extract commands a higher price. The Chinese buy all that is to be had, and ship it to China. It is gathered in many eastern States and in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

Extensive experiments and investigations have also been made recently in the Gardens of Medical Plants in San Francisco, and at other points in California, in regard to the cultivation of the belladonna plant. These experiments show that it will grow very successfully in the State. There are movements now on foot to engage in its cultivation in California, on a very large scale. The raising, it is claimed, is decidedly profitable, as the price is good and the demand for this drug constantly on the increase.—Scientific American.

They All Knew Her.

The mind-reader pressed his hand to his brow and remained silent for nearly five minutes. Then he swept a searching glance over his Bushby audience, and spoke.

"There is a person known to every one in this room," he said, in a slow, impressive tone, "and the thoughts of one man are on her at this moment. She has the characteristic of being generally in a hurry, and usually a little late. She is generous about large things, but rather close in regard to small ones. She will run half a block for a moving street car, and when it stops she will wait for the next one. Never has any postage stamps in the house, and does not like to make change in a hurry. Now I cannot help believing that there is a man in the room who will know that I can read his thoughts like a book. If he would kindly rise."

Then, as with one accord, every man but one rose to his feet.

"You'll have to speak a little louder for Mr. Howe's benefit," said one of the men, addressing the mind-reader, whose face wore a peculiar look. "He's deaf, but he'll rise all right if he hears you."—Youth's Companion.

Proof of Sanity.

The patient in the Michigan insane asylum who assaulted his keeper for giving him a copy of Alfred Austin's poems should be released. There's nothing the matter with him.—Chicago Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The theory that the germs of tuberculosis get into the human system chiefly through the medium of cow's milk is discounted in Japan, where such milk is practically unknown, while the mortality from tuberculosis is nevertheless very great, being in Tokio about one-fifth of the total number of deaths.

Science has shown that during the life of an organism there is a constant breaking down of the complex substance of the body, associated with an equally constant upbuilding, whereby waste is repaired, growth rendered possible, and the production of new individuals made practicable. Without such chemical disintegration, or death, the energy necessary for carrying on the life-process would not be forthcoming. Hence the absolute truth of the statement that death is necessary to life.

Mosquitoes are found to prefer negroes to whites, a black dog to a white one, and a dark-colored resting place. Careful tests have been extended to great numbers of anophees, showing that they choose colors in the order of dark blue, dark red, brown, red, black, gray and violet, and that azure, ochre and white are distasteful and yellow extremely so. Confirming these results on 150 mosquitoes, a Swiss malaria expert has found that three-fourths settle on dark colors.

Novel experiments by Prof. A. Durig have proved that, while alcohol is theoretically a food, its efficiency is so small that half a gallon would be required to run the human machine for a day's mountain climbing. It diminished the amount of work performed by the body per minute about one-sixth.

The preservation of wood with sulphur, applied in liquid form, is gaining special favor in Germany. The material completely fills the cell spaces in the fibre, and at moderate temperatures it is little affected by water, acids and alkaline solutions, though it oxidizes readily at high temperatures. Poplar is best adapted for this treatment, results with oak and pine being less satisfactory.

When the chemist inserts a small jet of flaming hydrogen into a vessel of liquid oxygen the hydrogen continues to burn, giving off snow instead of smoke. The snow is formed by the instantaneous freezing of the water created by the combination of the burning hydrogen with the oxygen inclosing it. When liquid air is cooled until it becomes semi-solid it is found that the oxygen may be drawn out of the mass by means of a magnet, leaving a jelly of pure nitrogen.

The Largest Cave in the West.

Two gold-prospectors recently discovered in the Santa Susanna Mountains, about fifty miles from Los Angeles, Cal., the largest and most remarkable cave in western America. While looking for indications of gold, they found an opening which they entered. The opening led to a great cavern, consisting of many passages, some of them wide, but most of they narrow and lofty. The passages lead into great halls, some containing an acre, studded with stalagmites and stalactites, in some cases so thickly that it is difficult to get through. The walls of one of these halls are covered with rude drawings, some almost obliterated, but others still clear. The drawings represent incidents of the chase, showing Indians on foot, pursuing bear, deer and other animals. One wall-painting shows the bear pursuing the hunter. The work is done with a soft, red stone, much used by the Indians for that purpose.—Scientific American.

Deep Sea Lobsters.

A Maine fisherman, believing that there are just as many lobsters as ever, set his pole away out on Cash's Banks, in the path of ocean steamships, and when he hauled them found 2500 splendid specimens, none less than ten inches and most of them nearer fifteen and twenty. It is his theory that various causes may have driven the crustaceans away from the shore, but that there are still plenty of them if one can ascertain their whereabouts. His views will undoubtedly prompt other fishermen to act along similar lines in setting their pots, and it is to be hoped that the pessimistic views so frequently expressed of late will be disproved.—Kennebec Journal.

In Doubt.

In Egyptian hyerogiyphics a physician is represented by a picture of a duck. Philologists are not agreed whether this means that the physician in question was looked upon as a quack or that he was considered a favorite among the fair sex.

English Government.

A Mohammedan army schoolmaster has addressed a loyal appeal to the native army in India pointing out that as soon as common sense is exercised the accusations against the Indian government fall to the ground.

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UNCLE ELDER.

By ROY ROLFE GILSON,

Author of "When Love is Young," "In the Morning Glow," Etc.

His first name was John, but being the first of two sons, his family had called him Elder, and Uncle Elder he was to me. Within my memory he was ever a tall, gray man—gray top to toe, gray haired, gray bearded, gray as to clothes, which were usually of the old fashioned pepper and salt variety, and even as to boots, gray also, except on a Sunday.

He had once been poor, and the ample fortune acquired, Western fashion, in land and mortgages had come so gradually, and was so hardly won withal, it had altered nothing in my Uncle Elder, who, as director in no less than three banks and a dozen stock companies, more or less, was of the same shrewd, frugal, hard-headed character as in the early days. His language, too, was still the plain homespun English of his pioneer sire, dyed originally a rich butternut, but somewhat faded now by long exposure to the Western sun, and otherwise mellowed in tone by the assiduous attentions of his daughter Milly, a Vassar girl. Now, Uncle Elder was a man of few words, and the task which my cousin Milly had set herself may seem a light one. But no! Those precious syllables were the product of such inward stress—it took, as it were, such an avalanche of feeling, or, on the other hand, and more frequently, such long and careful mental debate and deliberation, that when his words did come, they were inevitable. They were not idle words. They were the pith of the matter, and not to be held back save by the very root of it—which, as I have observed, is not infrequently ungrammatical.

I was rather afraid of my Uncle Elder. Physically tall, mentally adamant, religiously Methodist, and a deacon at that, I held myself stiffly in his presence in my youngest days, and in all my skylarking kept an eye on the horizon. He was not apt to take me by surprise, however, his height and long stride usually defining him at a safe distance, especially in summer, when he wore a duster.

"H'lo, son," he would say.

"H'lo, Uncle Elder."

It was a wonderful day when we grew more familiar than that, I can tell you; and when I add that he was far more likely to add a dime than a word to such salutations, I did not imply any marked fluency in silvery speech. A dime, I believe, was worth twenty cents to my Uncle Elder.

But when I grew up, when the high school was over, that blessed old fellow went down into the long, deep pockets of his pepper and salts and fished up a college education! He had no son and I looked like my father. So when college was over, it was to Uncle Elder that I outlined my plans and confided my dreams. I was not afraid of him any longer, and besides, the dreams were so beautiful.

"Uncle Elder," said I, "since you ask me, I'll tell you flatly I've found my vocation."

"That's good," said he. "Spit it out, Sammy."

"Now you may not appr---, but—"

"What diff'rence that make?" asked my Uncle Elder.

"Well, of course," said I, "I'd like to please you, and I know I owe you more than I probably ever can repay—in dollars, I mean."

"Money talks, Samuel."

"I know it," said I, "and that's what troubles me."

"Never asked you to pay a cent back, my son, did I?"

"No, that's true, Uncle Elder."

"Well, then," said he, "what's the use of worryin'? All I ask is that you sha'n't make a fool of yourself."

"And I won't, Uncle Elder. I promise you that. I'll make you proud of me, or, by George, I'll—"

It was well, on the whole, as I look backward, that I had the gumption to stop right there. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing now that I did not commit myself.

My Uncle Elder lighted a cigar.

"Well, now, Sammy," said he, "what's that there plan you was a-talkin' of?"

"Uncle Elder," said I, slipping to the edge of my chair, and then pausing in my speech, to consider how best I might introduce the matter, "Uncle Elder, I've got a plan that is not, I believe, in any sense commonplace or hackneyed. I'm sure you will admit that. I'm sure of it. I'm as positive of it as I am that you're smoking."

"Well," said my uncle amiably, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "there seems to be pretty fair ground for that final assumption o' yours, Sammy."

"And I tell you, Uncle Elder," I went on, "that while such plans of my have failed—I don't pretend that they haven't—I don't go that far—I hope you won't get any impression that I'm so visionary as all that, Uncle—still, I've got some ideas in connection with this plan of mine that are so original, and natural, and illuminating—"

"Natural gas, Sammy?" queried my Uncle Elder.

"You wait and see," I replied, laughing to please him. "You just wait. Wait till I've unfolded this plot of mine, and if you don't say there's something in it, I'll—"

But here, too, and wisely, as I now think, I kept my counsel as to the alternative.

"I know I'm young," I continued. "I know that I've a lot to learn. I know that I'll probably make mistakes—that is, of judgment, of course,—yourself, Uncle Elder. You know how it is, then. But suppose I do? Suppose, for the purpose of argument, Uncle Elder—"

"Now, Samuel, I—I take exception to them last words o' yourn. When I begin to argue's time enough to—"

"I know. I realize that, Uncle Elder, perfectly. But as I say, just suppose a case, and one not unlikely, either, I'm bound to admit—"

"But, Sammy, don't you think—"

"Pardon me, just one moment, Uncle Elder, until I complete my idea; I was about to say that assuming that even this plan of mine should go wrong—which it won't, of course—but, as I say, just assuming the case, and supposing that—"

"But look-a-here, Sammy—"

"Above all things, Uncle Elder—pardon me for interrupting you for a moment—don't get the idea that I have any doubt of this plan, personally. Heavens! Why, I haven't the shadow of a doubt. I have considered the matter carefully. I've spent days on it, and laid awake nights over it, and talked it over with men who know all about such things. I've discussed it with them from every point of view. I have even gone so far as to write to some of the most eminent authorities in the country about it—safe men, conservative men, men who would not be swayed by mere youthful enthusiasm, you understand. And I have considered my natural qualifications."

"Now you're talkin', Sammy," cried Uncle Elder, "'specially if it's law or politics you've got in mind. Excuse my hollerin', but I wanted you to know. Go on. Don't let me—"

"It's neither pulpit nor bar, Uncle, but it's somehting a sight higher, to my mind—something for which I feel that I am fitted not only by inclination and sympathy, but by those natural qualifications to which I have referred; something which my grasp of the English tongue—"

"You're on the right track there, Sammy. I say you're on the right track there, b' thunder."

"Something," I went on, gathering a momentum which I felt must carry all before me, "something for which all my waking and sleeping dreams—"

"Hold no, Sam! Hold on, jest a minute. Don't you think it might be a good idee to tell the plan first?"

"I was just coming to it, Uncle. I was about to say, however, that while all youthful plans are likely to seem visionary, and while some of the greatest accomplishments of the human mind have been laughed at, and sneered at, as impossible, when first proposed—why, take the steam engine, and the telegraph, for example, and the telephone, and a thousand other of the greatest discoveries the world—"

"Understand that, Samuel. I understand all that. But what I want to get at is—"

"I was just coming to it, Uncle." Uncle Elder rose.

"Sammy, I—I'd like to believe you. You're my brother's boy. I've seen you grow up, and never 'a' known you to wilfully prevaricate, but as I say, life is short and time is fleetin' and I've got a meetin'."

He smiled.

"Which is poetry, and sense, too," he added, looking at me kindly, he was so pleased with his rhyme.

And then I told him.

"Uncle Elder," said I, seizing that golden opportunity, "Uncle Elder, you're—you're kind of literary yourself, I see. The fact is, sir, you've almost divined my secret. Yes, sir. Uncle Elder, it's a—well, sir, the truth of the matter is, sir, it's a novel that I've got in my mind."

Uncle Elder sat down.

And then I warmed to my theme. Now that the worst was over, now that the cat was out of the bag, and my Uncle Elder still breathed, and I still had the floor, while he sat, unmoved, so far as I could see, gazing tranquilly upon me and still puffing meditatively at his cigar, I felt that, as never before, I could bare my dreams. It came upon me like a flash that I had never known my Uncle Elder; that probably no one had ever known him as I knew him now. Somehow I had taken him unawares. Here was the grim old man gentle as a lamb, and touched, I could see, by my eloquence—proof positive, I told myself, that under a hard exterior may exist a heart tender as woman's and all undreamed of because long concealed, like his, in a world of business. My heart went out to him. I could have seized his hand, but restrained myself, fearing that by too much emotion I might arouse him to a sense of his own disclosure. But I loved him; for the first time in all my life, I think, I truly loved him; and was touched, well-nigh to tears, by this new knowledge of the poetry hidden in my uncle's soul.

"Uncle Elder," I said shrewdly, "in your own youth you may have had a dream which you never realized. Most men have. Now you look back upon it and say to yourself, 'I might have done thus and so.' It is to avoid that that I am determined to stick to this dream of mine. I am determined not to put it aside as something to be done when I have so much leisure or money. Uncle Elder, I am going to avoid regret. I am going to live my life so that, whether successful or not in the world's eyes, I can comfort my old age with the reflection that I have lived my life—the life of my heart's delight."

Uncle Elder lowered his eyes, and when he raised them, avoided mine.

"Uncle Elder," I said with feeling, "it has been given me, young as I am, to see light hidden under bushels. It is that of which the truest literature is made, sir. I do not judge men merely by their horny hands, or their seamed faces, or their profane or indifferent speech. It is my joy—and pain—to prove their hearts; and in this novel which I have in mind I shall show the world not the impossible, not the improbable, and not merely the life of yesterday, or to-day, or to-morrow, but that life which was human and common and everyday in the age of Homer, as it is true in your time and mine, and will be true in my children's era, and in that of my children's children. Uncle Elder, if I can make men pause in their toil and notice the ant hill and the dandelion they have just now trodden thoughtlessly beneath their feet—if I can make them look up, as they mop the sweat from their brows, and see the exquisite hue of God's blessed sky, unnoticed because perpetually above them—if I can call their attention to the roseate beauty of their own little hearth fires, and to the rich treasure, treasure which money cannot buy and which cannot be measured by any human currency, treasure of love, I mean, which shines in the faces of little children, however ragged, and of wives and helpmeets, however bent with toil—if I can do that, Uncle Elder, will anything else—matter—do you think?"

He gave me a look so kind, so thoughtful, so comprehending, that my heart glowed.

"There are your acres, Uncle Elder," I said earnestly, pointing to the wheat fields waving in the summer wind. "The world says, 'Elder Baxter is a farmer,' but I say, 'Elder Baxter hath fed his kind.' I, too, want to feed my kind, Uncle Elder—and with a bread as white and satisfying as the loaves potential in those fields out there. I, too, would sow and reap those acres which have been allotted to me—soil of the soul which may be as beneficent as ever earthly loam, sir. I have a crop long planted and already flourishing, here, in my mind. It is my novel. It is my first novel, Uncle Elder, and the plot is new, though it is the old, old story of man's toil and love. The first chapter is already written. I have read it to a dozen persons, I suppose—competent judges—and they all tell me that nothing like it was ever done before. Why, they laughed and cried, sir. What better proof, in this age of materialism, than to touch one's fellows to smiles and tears?"

Uncle Elder nodded. He was heart and soul with me, I could see. He rose suddenly and walked to the window, and then coming back, sat down again.

"Imagine," I said, "a man gray with years, sitting in his dooryard, in the sun. His paper has slipped from his hands to the garden path, where his little grandchild plays with toy soldiers and prattles warfare in the shadow of the lilacs; and as he sits there, watching the child, and smiling upon him, and thinking of the days when his own son played in that very sand, and remembering, still farther back in his long lifetime, his own childhood on the prairie farm—as he sits there, smiling and thinking, death—" Uncle Eben started.

"Death comes to him—death comes to him—"

I paused. "And his little grandson goes on playing, thinking him asleep there, in his chair."

Uncle Elder reached for his handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Is not that life, sir?" I said quietly. "Well—it is the story of that old gray man I am going to tell. I, the teller, am supposed to be the boy, you see, that went on playing—grown up now, and knowing his grandsire's life as he never dreamed of it then, and touched by its struggles. I tell it to my own little boy, playing at warfare in the sun. It was no easy life, I tell you, that old gray man's. Many thought it hard, and heartless, and unbeautiful—all prose, no poetry. But I'll show them what they never guessed. I'll lay it bare. I'll dig out the gold from its sandy bed, Uncle Elder. I'll show them the diamond in the stone. I'll take them by their heartstrings and—Uncle Elder—Uncle Elder, I'll ask your permission, now, to dedicate that book—to you."

Uncle Elder rose. Tears!—tears stood in his eyes, and he wiped them away with his red handkerchief, and cleared his throat well before he spoke. It was some minutes before he could trust himself. His eyes wandered to the waving wheat fields, and his cigar burned on unheeded in his limp fingers. I waited happily. I could afford to wait.

"Samuel," he said, and cleared his throat again, "Samuel," and then slowly he resumed his smoking.

"Oh, it will make a corking novel!" I exclaimed, unable longer to restrain my pent-up feelings, and striking the table with my hand. The sound aroused him. Slowly he turned his head and fixed his gaze gravely, musingly, upon me.

"Any money in it?" asked my Uncle Elder.—Woman's Home Companion.

There are 38,804 unmarried women in the city of Westminster. Why not face the situation and call the place "Westspinster?"

Busy Life of Miss Gould

Recollections of a Former Secretary of the Philanthropist.

"The Recollections of a Former Private Secretary," printed in the "Cosmopolitan," is likely to have a good many interested readers, since the subject of the reminiscences is that much talked of and little known woman, Helen Miller Gould. As to Miss Gould's outward self, this article gives little idea. "I was asked by interested friends," the writer, Ruth Fuller Field, says after describing her first interview with her future employer, "about my impressions—about her dress, her hair and other details so important to the average woman. . . . There were only two impressions left in my memory—her eyes, so wonderful in their kindness and yet so keen, . . . and the luminous depths of a solitaire pearl ring she wore. The gray of her eyes and the same color in the ring harmonized perfectly in their appearance of cold and reserved sympathy."

It is with the woman herself that this article deals, and very truly one feels as one reads it. A serious, quiet, almost shy woman, very capable, very conscientious.

"Miss Gould has the faculty," says Miss Field, "of giving her mind to two things at once, each receiving absolute attention. She is quick in her decisions and definite in her answers. In submitting letters to her the ones of greatest importance were touched upon first, as she was liable to close the interview very abruptly. I do not remember ever having time enough to finish all the important matters at one sitting. Affairs kept Miss Gould rushed from morning till night, and she was the last person in the world who seemed to have the slightest claim to one quiet hour of her time."

People who write "personal" on their letters of appeal to Miss Gould, and fondly imagine that this mark secures her individual attention, are very much mistaken, says Miss Field.

"They do not realize that at the time their letters are received three hundred or more similar ones come into the house." Some letters are immediately torn up. The ones that begin 'My dear Mr. Carnegie" or "My dear Mr. Vanderbilt" meet that fate, Miss Gould probably feeling that people who mix their begging letters like that deserve little consideration.

Some letters are marked by the secretary who reads them with a sign meaning "Not worthy of a reply"—such, for instance, as requests for "a million dollars or a set of false teeth." Some are marked to be answered by an engraved form of refusal—"Miss Gould feels that she cannot respond to your request . . . at this time," etc. Not infrequently this form comes back to Miss Gould after a year or two, inclosed in a second appeal saying that the writer is sure that Miss Gould is willing "by this time to fulfill the promise made in the letter inclosed herewith." The letters requesting charity are mostly put in the hands of a stenographer to be answered, but the large numbers of business letters from the heads of the various charities in which Miss Gould is interested have her personal attention. The file of them is always ready for her—a secretary having read them and jotted down the chief points on the envelopes—and whenever she has a bit of leisure she goes through some, the "leisure" being when she is in the hands of her hairdresser or her manicure, or when she is eating a hurried luncheon from a tray in her room.

Many letters come from "cranks"—some savoring so seriously of blackmail that they are placed in the hands of a lawyer. Letters from cranks seldom get beyond the secretaries, unless they happen to be funny enough to give to Miss Gould, "who is too serious and almost overburdened with her responsibilities," a chance for a good laugh.

Wedding rings—which frequently come to Miss Gould along with the offers of marriage she receives—are always returned by registered letter, for sometimes they have cost as much as 10 cents, or even more, and if they were not returned Miss Gould might be accused of keeping the ring without fulfilling her obligations. Gifts with strings attached are returned, but those which are genuine expressions of appreciation of her work are kept. Special pleasure does Miss Gould take in her cabinet of souvenirs from soldiers and sailors, "and so wonderful is her memory," says Miss Field, "that the history of each gift is fresh in her mind."

"Society as it is known today does not interest Miss Gould in the least, except to deplore its shallowness," says the writer. Her social secretary keeps her long visiting list in order and up to date, and during the season hands her each day the "at home" cards for that day, and cards are sent to the many upon whom it is not possible for her to call. Upon a few she calls, and it is the older people, her mother's friends, whom she sees oftenest and with whom she is happiest. She is shy about meeting people, and always prefers to slip out quietly after paying her respects to the hostess.

But Miss Gould in "society" and Miss Gould making good times at Lyndhurst, her Tarrytown home, for small boys and girls who otherwise might not have many good times, perhaps, are two very different persons. "Her summers are lived for children," says Miss Field. The Gould kennels, home of the famous prize-winning St. Bernards, are converted into a modern cooking school, where girls—and boys, too—learn to prepare simple dainty dishes. Then, there is the sewing school, ending in the autumn with a glorious big lawn party, at which Miss Gould "goes from one group to another, her face as merry as those of the children." For the boys there is the clubhouse Miss Gould built near Lyndhurst, where they have gymnastics and manual training, and she takes great pride in asking her guests to be seated in a certain comfortable Morris chair "made by my little boys of Lyndhurst Club."

Once a group of one hundred children from the Home for the Friendless were coming to Lyndhurst on a nutting excursion. The day before they were to come Miss Gould made a sad discovery; some one had gathered all the chestnuts from under the trees! Posthaste she sent to New York for several bushels of nuts, which were scattered broadcast under the trees. It is a pretty story, and one which gives a better notion of her character, perhaps, than many an act which made more noise in the world.

In spite of the great care exercised by Miss Gould and her helpers in responding to appeals for help, she is sometimes fooled—more often almost so. Once there came an appeal ostensibly from a woman on the East Side, in New York. She was about to become a mother; her husband had no work; no money. Would Miss Gould send her a few simple garments for the little one that was coming? Miss Gould instructed her secretary to purchase an outfit and take it to the address given. The secretary, being very busy, sent a messenger with the outfit. Next day came a letter expressing gratitude, but also dismay; the baby was twins! Promptly the kindhearted Miss Gould dispatched a duplicate outfit, and later in the day the secretary went over to the East Side tenement house and found the rooms with the address given in the letter—but no poverty stricken mother, no babies. The "twins" were two little old men, who sat amiably together there, contentedly emptying a bottle of whiskey purchased with what the pawnbroker had given them for the baby clothes.

Ginseng and Belladonna Growing in California.

Recent investigations made by the State Board of Trade demonstrate that the growing of ginseng can be made very profitable in California, although the plant is not indigenous to the State. All the requisites of soil, moisture, and climate are to be found in California.

One tract of land located in Santa Clara County, containing over 100 acres, was planted in ginseng about two years ago, and gives flattering promise of good returns next year, when the first crop is to be harvested. Another tract in Marin County was planted a little later than the one in Santa Clara County, and now gives promise of yielding equally well.

Ginseng is a drug used as a basis for almost all Chinese remedies. It sells in the market in its natural state for about $8.50 a pound, while the fluid extract commands a higher price. The Chinese buy all that is to be had, and ship it to China. It is gathered in many eastern States and in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

Extensive experiments and investigations have also been made recently in the Gardens of Medical Plants in San Francisco, and at other points in California, in regard to the cultivation of the belladonna plant. These experiments show that it will grow very successfully in the State. There are movements now on foot to engage in its cultivation in California, on a very large scale. The raising, it is claimed, is decidedly profitable, as the price is good and the demand for this drug constantly on the increase.—Scientific American.

They All Knew Her.

The mind-reader pressed his hand to his brow and remained silent for nearly five minutes. Then he swept a searching glance over his Bushby audience, and spoke.

"There is a person known to every one in this room," he said, in a slow, impressive tone, "and the thoughts of one man are on her at this moment. She has the characteristic of being generally in a hurry, and usually a little late. She is generous about large things, but rather close in regard to small ones. She will run half a block for a moving street car, and when it stops she will wait for the next one. Never has any postage stamps in the house, and does not like to make change in a hurry. Now I cannot help believing that there is a man in the room who will know that I can read his thoughts like a book. If he would kindly rise."

Then, as with one accord, every man but one rose to his feet.

"You'll have to speak a little louder for Mr. Howe's benefit," said one of the men, addressing the mind-reader, whose face wore a peculiar look. "He's deaf, but he'll rise all right if he hears you."—Youth's Companion.

Proof of Sanity.

The patient in the Michigan insane asylum who assaulted his keeper for giving him a copy of Alfred Austin's poems should be released. There's nothing the matter with him.—Chicago Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The theory that the germs of tuberculosis get into the human system chiefly through the medium of cow's milk is discounted in Japan, where such milk is practically unknown, while the mortality from tuberculosis is nevertheless very great, being in Tokio about one-fifth of the total number of deaths.

Science has shown that during the life of an organism there is a constant breaking down of the complex substance of the body, associated with an equally constant upbuilding, whereby waste is repaired, growth rendered possible, and the production of new individuals made practicable. Without such chemical disintegration, or death, the energy necessary for carrying on the life-process would not be forthcoming. Hence the absolute truth of the statement that death is necessary to life.

Mosquitoes are found to prefer negroes to whites, a black dog to a white one, and a dark-colored resting place. Careful tests have been extended to great numbers of anophees, showing that they choose colors in the order of dark blue, dark red, brown, red, black, gray and violet, and that azure, ochre and white are distasteful and yellow extremely so. Confirming these results on 150 mosquitoes, a Swiss malaria expert has found that three-fourths settle on dark colors.

Novel experiments by Prof. A. Durig have proved that, while alcohol is theoretically a food, its efficiency is so small that half a gallon would be required to run the human machine for a day's mountain climbing. It diminished the amount of work performed by the body per minute about one-sixth.

The preservation of wood with sulphur, applied in liquid form, is gaining special favor in Germany. The material completely fills the cell spaces in the fibre, and at moderate temperatures it is little affected by water, acids and alkaline solutions, though it oxidizes readily at high temperatures. Poplar is best adapted for this treatment, results with oak and pine being less satisfactory.

When the chemist inserts a small jet of flaming hydrogen into a vessel of liquid oxygen the hydrogen continues to burn, giving off snow instead of smoke. The snow is formed by the instantaneous freezing of the water created by the combination of the burning hydrogen with the oxygen inclosing it. When liquid air is cooled until it becomes semi-solid it is found that the oxygen may be drawn out of the mass by means of a magnet, leaving a jelly of pure nitrogen.

The Largest Cave in the West.

Two gold-prospectors recently discovered in the Santa Susanna Mountains, about fifty miles from Los Angeles, Cal., the largest and most remarkable cave in western America. While looking for indications of gold, they found an opening which they entered. The opening led to a great cavern, consisting of many passages, some of them wide, but most of they narrow and lofty. The passages lead into great halls, some containing an acre, studded with stalagmites and stalactites, in some cases so thickly that it is difficult to get through. The walls of one of these halls are covered with rude drawings, some almost obliterated, but others still clear. The drawings represent incidents of the chase, showing Indians on foot, pursuing bear, deer and other animals. One wall-painting shows the bear pursuing the hunter. The work is done with a soft, red stone, much used by the Indians for that purpose.—Scientific American.

Deep Sea Lobsters.

A Maine fisherman, believing that there are just as many lobsters as ever, set his pole away out on Cash's Banks, in the path of ocean steamships, and when he hauled them found 2500 splendid specimens, none less than ten inches and most of them nearer fifteen and twenty. It is his theory that various causes may have driven the crustaceans away from the shore, but that there are still plenty of them if one can ascertain their whereabouts. His views will undoubtedly prompt other fishermen to act along similar lines in setting their pots, and it is to be hoped that the pessimistic views so frequently expressed of late will be disproved.—Kennebec Journal.

In Doubt.

In Egyptian hyeroglyphics a physician is represented by a picture of a duck. Philologists are not agreed whether this means that the physician in question was looked upon as a quack or that he was considered a favorite among the fair sex.

English Government.

A Mohammedan army schoolmaster has addressed a loyal appeal to the native army in India pointing out that as soon as common sense is exercised the accusations against the Indian government fall to the ground.

Pluck and Adventure.

WAS IT A SPIRIT, OR WHAT?

Eusapia Palladino, the well known Neapolitan medium, who was rather a failure when she appeared before the Psychical Research Society in London a few years ago, has just subjected herself to a series of experiments, held under the auspices of the University of Naples and participated in by Professors Bottazzi and Galeotti and other well known scientists. Eusapia is an ignorant woman, and is known to have received no education whatever. Nevertheless while in a trance she is able to converse in several modern languages, and writes in each of them in a script that is like copperplate.

At the University of Naples the professors deliberately set traps for her, placing objects with which she could bring about effects within reach of her hand and fixing electric lights close by, so as to throw instant illumination upon them if she attempted to make use of them. A dish containing clay to receive possible moldings or marks was placed at a considerable distance from the medium, and her hands were carefully controlled by two persons, when she suddenly stretched out the three middle fingers of one hand, and, rubbing the under part of her fingers on the table in front of her, said:

"How hard it is! What is it?"

As there was nothing on the table she was asked to what she referred, and she replied:

"It is the hard clay. I wish it taken away. I do not need it."

When the professors came to examine the distant dish of clay it was found to have the marks of three fingers upon it, of which the movements corresponded exactly to those which had been made by the medium on the table, and it appeared as though she were able in some way to transmit the sensations of her own hands to a distance.

In one of the experiments the wrists of Eusapia were tied to two iron rings fixed in the floor; the cords that held her were knotted and sealed, and yet under these conditions a bottle of water was carried about, and a seat and large human hands were seen to appear. Professor Galeotti declares that, while he was holding Eusapia by the hands, he distinctly saw a double figure in her place, with identical arms, which, however, were held in different positions.

Professor Bottazzi, the leader of the experiments, once touched the fingers of Eusapia, and an electric light, the tap of which had been fixed inside her cabinet, but out of her reach, was lighted four or five times, and as many times extinguished. Professor Bottazzi also had a large and apparently natural human hand laid upon his neck, his head and his arm. Each time he was able to touch it, and, when on his arm, to see it by suddenly turning on the electric lights, when it was not dragged away, but faded out of sight and touch as he held it.

In these and other similar experiments the scientific men present are agreed that fraud was practically impossible. They all, however, exclude any supernatural or spiritual explanation, and can only suggest that Eusapia Palladino's manifestations are biological phenomena, dependent on the organism of the medium, who at will can double or increase the range of her psychic personality, and even her physiological personality.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOMEN CLIMB SELKIRKS.

Dr. Charles J. Shaw, Professor of Biology in the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, has returned from a three-months' trip spent in battling with the unpathed Selkirk Mountains, in British Columbia.

Four women were in the party and four men, besides Dr. Shaw. The women shared the toil of the men—the long miles of fatiguing tramping through underbrush and the muscle-tiring mountain climbing. All save one were teachers, with little previous mountain experience. The exception was Miss Caroline Romes, of the staff of the New York Botanical Gardens and a teacher in the Newark High School.

She had made a previous trip with one of Dr. Shaw's parties. The women of the party were Miss Emma Shipe, a teacher in the schools of Sunbury, Pa.; Miss Mary Jobe, of New York City, a teacher in the schools there, and Mrs. Bayard Fuller, of New York.

Clad in corduroy skirts, they buckled their packs on their shoulders in the morning, and whether the paths led over mountains, where every step was made by cutting a foothold in the ice, or through the thick bushes, which spread a restraining network about them, they were ever at the side of the men. They carried a silk tent with them, and when the rain poured on its roof and the ground beneath them was cold, they wrapped themselves a little tighter in their blankets, and slept the sleep of the physically weary.

They were lost for thirteen days in a snowstorm on top of one of the mountains; only Mr. Peterson with them. They desired to make some investigations of their own, and Dr Shaw left them with the veteran guide. There were no tents in the party then. The snow blinded their way. They had four days' provisions, they slept in rock caverns and stretched the provisions over a week.

Dr. Shaw is authority for the statement that when they faced starvation, not one of them became hysterical. After going hungry a day they discovered a cabin left near an abandoned mine. It was stored with provisions.

"You don't know what a woman can do until you give her a chance," said Dr. Shaw. "None of these women was especially robust. I'll venture to say that any of the anaemic-looking stenographers and typewriters you'll find working in a small room on the eighteenth floor of an office building could do the same thing if she believed she could at the start."—New York Times.

"FATHER OF THE INDIAN ARMY."

In regard to a recently-proposed memorial to Lord Clive, the popular hero of India, it has been suggested that justice should be done by recalling the services of Clive's great predecessor, Gen. Stringer Lawrence, who by his heroic campaign against the French in the East, became the real founder of English supremacy in India. Lawrence had no brilliant essayist to publish his deeds, as Clive had in Macauley. A monument to the great soldier stands in Westminster, but his service to his country is almost forgotten.

When Gen. Lawrence, then a major, was sent to India in 1748, he found the army at his command to consist of a few companies of British soldiers and a small force of natives, hastily recruited and armed with old matchlocks. With this inadequate material as a nucleus, he built an army which performed the splendid victories by which England became undisputed mistress of India.

The most brilliant and decisive of Lawrence's triumphs was that of Golden Rock. The French, advancing on Trichinopoli, determined to drive the English, who held the Rock, into the city. The Rock was defended by a weak force of sepoys. Lawrence's army was on the plain.

The French made an assault and captured the Rock. Lawrence, with a hastily collected force of not quite a thousand of English and sepoy men, stood little apparent chance against a vastly superior force of a triumphant enemy. He hesitated but a moment, however.

"It is better to die advancing than retreating," he declared.

The attack on the Rock was made with such vigor and impetuosity that the astonished and bewildered French were driven out in panic at the very moment they were exulting over victory. A British officer says of this feat of arms:

"Nothing finer was ever performed in any part of the world than this assault, by a handful of grenadiers, upon Golden Rock, held by the enemy who had just captured it, and whose army was formed at the base. It was one of those deeds of heroism which deserve to be recorded in the archieves of national history, never to be suffered, as is this case, to fall into oblivion."—Youth's Companion.

HUNTING BEARS IN INDIA.

The beaters arrived at camp the following morning. They began to come in twos and threes, then in fives and sixes, and finally in dozens, so that by the time breakfast was over, the entire male population of some three villages were grouped about my tent. With the help of the shikaris, fifty of these were selected and each given a slip of paper bearing my signature, for when they came for their wages at the end of the day I did not wish the friends and relatives of the beaters, as well as the beaters themselves, turning up for payment.

The din these fifty souls succeed in making as they move in a long line up the base and two sides of a wooded nullah shrieking, howling, cat-calling, setting off fire-crackers and beating tum-tums, is enough to drive any self-respecting bear out of his seven senses. An army of battle-shouting dervishes could hardly create a greater amount of uproar, nor is it at all surprising that the bear should find a pressing engagement elsewhere at the earliest possible moment after finding his nullah thus rudely invaded. If he turns down the nullah, he encounters the invading army; if he tries to escape by the sides, he is met and driven back by beaters already posted. Therefore he does the most natural thing in the world by fleeing up the centre of the nullah, directly away from the oncoming din. At the top of the cleft stands the sportsman. The undergrowth probably prevents the sportsman's seeing the bear or the bear seeing him until they actually meet.—From "Black Bear Honking in the Valley of Kashmir," by J. J. Grew, in The Outing Magazine.

LEAPS TO TERRIBLE DEATH.

The British steamship Annette, from Kingston, Jamaica, brought news to Philadelphia of the tragic death of William Brown, a stowaway who had been debarred from landing on the last trip of the vessel to that port. Deported by the immigration officials here, he was on his way back to Kingston and was nearing the shore, when he sought to escape by leaping overboard and swimming to the land.

Hardly had his body struck the water when dark forms were seen rushing toward it below the surface, and in full sight of the horrified crew a dozen sharks surrounded the helpless victim. He called loudly for help, but before assistance could be sent to him he had been dragged under the water.

Jamaica punishes stowaways by compelling them to work on the public highways three months, and it was to avoid this punishment that Brown made his desperate effort to escape.

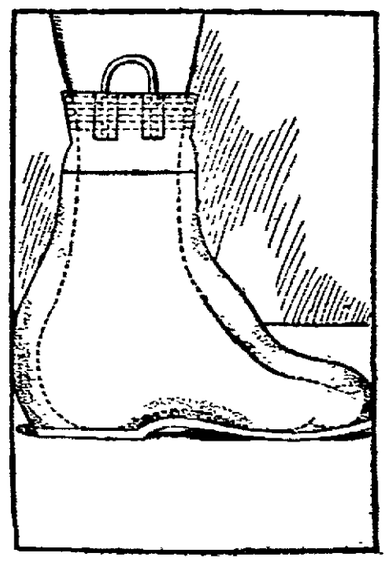
ENGLAND'S REBELLIOUS CONVICTS.

Prisoners Exercising in the Yard at Wormwood Scrubbs, One of Great Britain's Leading Prisons, and Recently Disturbed by Mutinous Outbreaks.

—The Sphere.

Unique Foot Bath.

The desirability of prolonged foot baths is well recognized, as is also the inconvenience incident to the present methods of taking these baths in an open vessel of some description. The inconveniences include seclusion of the person, replenishing the bath and exposure of the moist skin to the air. To obviate these inconveniences an Ohio man



has invented a specially designed slipper for the purpose of soaking the feet. This slipper can be readily put on or taken off, and can be worn about the house. Air is excluded from the feet, the natural warmth of the feet keeping the bath itself warm. The slipper is made of rubber, with a comparatively heavy sole, the body or upper being light and elastic. The sole and upper are considerably larger than the foot, so as to provide room for the bath. The ankle fits closely. Above the ankle are hand pieces, to assist in putting on or taking off the slipper. By placing a small quantity of the desired bath in the slipper the wearer can prolong the bath indefinitely without seclusion, replenishing or exposure to cold air. Any desired liquid bath, such as plain or salt water or any medical compound may be used.—Washington Star.

He Needs a Home.

A commuter, who rides two hours each morning to reach his work and two hours more at night to get home, was asked: "Why do you do it? Why not live in town?"

"Because I am one of those men," he answered, "who cannot be happy unless he has one spot of land on God's green earth upon which he can stand and call it his own. Because I would suffocate to live all my life under a roof belonging to some one else. Because I want my children to grow up with the instinct of home, and not as mere dwellers in the tents of the migrating races. These are the reasons why I get up at daybreak and, at this time of year, eat my dinner by the gaslight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mexican Cargador.

Just as one finds the rickshaw everywhere in India so one finds the cargador in Mexico. He is a beast of burden. In general he is a comparatively small man, with broad shoulders and stout arms and legs. To look at him one would not think he would be able to carry heavy burdens. But the weight he can carry is surprising. You have a trunk you can scarcely move, for instance. You send for cargador. He gets it upon his back, high up on the shoulders, and he marches off with it as easily as though it were a plaything. A life dedicated to carrying heavy burdens has made this work easy for him. A slightly built Mexican will carry over 500 pounds on his shoulders for short distances.

Until lately almost everything in Mexico City and everywhere else throughout the republic was carried upon the backs of cargadors. If you wanted to move your household furniture you hired a certain number of cargadors. For house moving they generally work in pairs, each pair having a hand truck, which they pick up and carry, when it is loaded, for it has no wheels. In Mexico City there are still hundreds of these hand trucks, though one may now find plenty of carts, wagons and heavy moving trucks. There are also regular transfer companies. But all of these are of recent importation.—Mexican Herald.

"POCAHONTAS."
Mr. Partridge's Beautiful Statue at the Jamestown Exposition.

Steel box cars have been built recently which will weigh about 3000 pounds less than wooden cars of the same size and capacity.

THOUGHTFUL.

Lady (returning from the country)—"Have you noticed, Lizzie, that my husband became lonesome during my absence?"

Maid—"I did not notice it at first—but he seemed quite downhearted the last day."—Fliegenden Blaetter.

FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

The Crown Princess of Germany gave birth to a son.

Mrs. William Crosswell Doane, wife of the Episcopal Bishop of Albany, N. Y., died in that city.

Mme. Melba is said to have received $50,000 and Tamagno $15,000 for singing before a gramophone.

Miss Eulalie Dix is an American girl who has made a notable success as a painter of miniature portraits.

In Amsterdam there is a factory where 400,000 diamonds are cut annually. Most of the work is done by women.

It is reported from Italy that another American woman has found her husband not to be a count but an old jailbird.

The press is printing columns of sarcasm at the expense of the Newport society girl who rises at daylight to milk five cows.

Annie Louise Cary, the greatest of American contraltos during her operatic career, has just passed the sixty-fifth anniversary of her birthday.

Mrs. E. L. Godkin, who was the wife of the late E. Lawrence Godkin, of the Evening Post, died at her home in New York City from heart disease.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Aylesbury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40,000 acres in extent.

Miss Robb, who recently died in Edinburgh at the age of ninety-four, had been on the English Navy pension roll since birth, as she was the posthumous child of Captain Robb, of the Royal Navy.

Mrs. Roosevelt has informed close friends that her husband and she long ago decided that, purely as a family affair, not a political one, they and theirs would leave the White House on March 4, 1909.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The Statue of Liberty, in New York City Harbor, is twenty-one years old.

Lord Minto expressed the thanks of King Edward VII. to the troops for their loyalty.

The Legislative Council of India has adopted a bill for the prevention of public seditious meetings.

France has ordered the withdrawal of four cruisers and nine torpedo boats from the Moroccan coast.

Sixty business concerns in Pittsburg, Pa., paid $100 each to an alleged labor organization to prevent strikes.

The Legislative Council at Simla passed a bill empowering provincial authorities to prohibit seditious native meetings.

Harry Levey took a 105-year lease of a Long Acre Square corner, New York City, agreeing to pay a total of $12,000,000 rent.

The Black Hundreds at Odessa, Russia, have renewed attacks on the Jews; a mutiny of sappers at Vladivostok was quelled.

Merchants in Kansas City closed their stores, following wholesale arrests for previous violations of the State Sunday closing law.

Captain C. P. Johnson, U. S. A., after a visit to the discontented Utes, criticised as harsh the treatment of them by Indian Agent Downs.

Herr Harden, editor of Die Zukunft, was acquitted in the suit brought in Berlin against him by General Count Kuno von Moltke.

The Treasury officials took steps to increase the money in circulation by the coinage of bullion and an increased issue of national bank notes.

Indianapolis gas interests were taken over by a company organized by popular subscription, which will reduce the price from ninety to sixty cents.

There is no reason to be grieved because political reform has not been more speedy than social, industrial and economic reform. On the contrary, declares the New York World, reform is not a special but a general effort of the human race.

There's something about the approach of a presidential campaign, notes the New Haven Register, which seems to have a miraculous effect on political dry bones.

Another way to avoid a charge of manslaughter suggests the Indianapolis News: Get out and give the machine so much speed.

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House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

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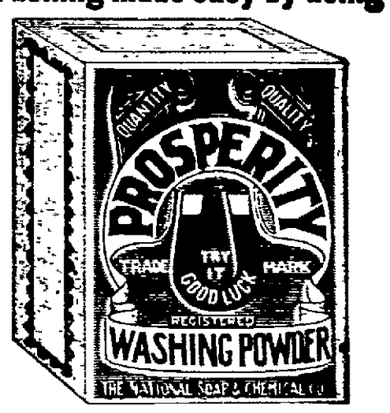

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Cheaper than Elbow Grease.
For House Cleaning, Clothes and Dish Washing. Unexcelled for cleaning Creamery and Dairy Utensils, because it is free from Obnoxious and Filthy Grease.
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Insure Your Child's Life.
NO MORE CROUP.
Also for Whooping Cough, Colds, Sore Throat.
SOLD UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE
Contains no Opiates. Pleasant to take.
50 Doses for 35 cents
AT YOUR DRUGGIST.
Write today for Booklet that tells you all about CROUP. Don't buy something else "claimed to be just as good."
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for all Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles. Price 50 cents per box; if not at druggist, 25 cents as your request to [illegible] today for free sample.
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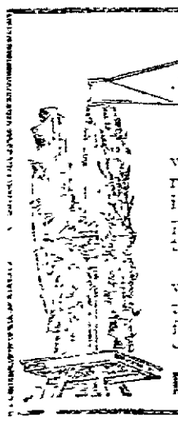

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under many conditions. There is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by several testing with
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Pluck and Adventure.

WAS IT A SPIRIT, OR WHAT?

Eusapia Palladino, the well known Neapolitan medium, who was rather a failure when she appeared before the Psychical Research Society in London a few years ago, has just subjected herself to a series of experiments, held under the auspices of the University of Naples and participated in by Professors Bottazzi and Galeotti and other well known scientists. Eusapia is an ignorant woman, and is known to have received no education whatever. Nevertheless while in a trance she is able to converse in several modern languages, and writes in each of them in a script that is like copperplate.

At the University of Naples the professors deliberately set traps for her, placing objects with which she could bring about effects within reach of her hand and fixing electric lights close by, so as to throw instant illumination upon them if she attempted to make use of them. A dish containing clay to receive possible moldings or marks was placed at a considerable distance from the medium, and her hands were carefully controlled by two persons, when she suddenly stretched out the three middle fingers of one hand, and, rubbing the under part of her fingers on the table in front of her, said:

"How hard it is! What is it?"

As there was nothing on the table she was asked to what she referred, and she replied:

"It is the hard clay. I wish it taken away. I do not need it."

When the professors came to examine the distant dish of clay it was found to have the marks of three fingers upon it, of which the movements corresponded exactly to those which had been made by the medium on the table, and it appeared as though she were able in some way to transmit the sensations of her own hands to a distance.

In one of the experiments the wrists of Eusapia were tied to two iron rings fixed in the floor; the cords that held her were knotted and sealed, and yet under these conditions a bottle of water was carried about, and a seat and large human hands were seen to appear. Professor Galeotti declares that, while he was holding Eusapia by the hands, he distinctly saw a double figure in her place, with identical arms, which, however, were held in different positions.

Professor Bottazzi, the leader of the experiments, once touched the fingers of Eusapia, and an electric light, the tap of which had been fixed inside her cabinet, but out of her reach, was lighted four or five times, and as many times extinguished. Professor Bottazzi also had a large and apparently natural human hand laid upon his neck, his head and his arm. Each time he was able to touch it, and, when on his arm, to see it by suddenly turning on the electric lights, when it was not dragged away, but faded out of sight and touch as he held it.

In these and other similar experiments the scientific men present are agreed that fraud was practically impossible. They all, however, exclude any supernatural or spiritual explanation, and can only suggest that Eusapia Palladino's manifestations are biological phenomena, dependent on the organism of the medium, who at will can double or increase the range of her psychic personality, and even her physiological personality.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOMEN CLIMB SELKIRKS.

Dr. Charles J. Shaw, Professor of Biology in the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, has returned from a three-months' trip spent in battling with the unpathed Selkirk Mountains, in British Columbia.

Four women were in the party and four men, besides Dr. Shaw. The women shared the toil of the men—the long miles of fatiguing tramping through underbrush and the muscle-tiring mountain climbing. All save one were teachers, with little previous mountain experience. The exception was Miss Caroline Romes, of the staff of the New York Botanical Gardens and a teacher in the Newark High School.

She had made a previous trip with one of Dr. Shaw's parties. The women of the party were Miss Emma Shipe, a teacher in the schools of Sunbury, Pa.; Miss Mary Jobe, of New York City, a teacher in the schools there, and Mrs. Bayard Fuller, of New York.

Clad in corduroy skirts, they buckled their packs on their shoulders in the morning, and whether the paths led over mountains, where every step was made by cutting a foothold in the ice, or through the thick bushes, which spread a restraining network about them, they were ever at the side of the men. They carried a silk tent with them, and when the rain poured on its roof and the ground beneath them was cold, they wrapped themselves a little tighter in their blankets, and slept the sleep of the physically weary.

They were lost for thirteen days in a snowstorm on top of one of the mountains; only Mr. Peterson with them. They desired to make some investigations of their own, and Dr. Shaw left them with the veteran guide. There were no tents in the party then. The snow blinded their way. They had four days' provisions, they slept in rock caverns and stretched the provisions over a week.

Dr. Shaw is authority for the statement that when they faced starvation, not one of them became hysterical. After going hungry a day they discovered a cabin left near an abandoned mine. It was stored with provisions.

"You don't know what a woman can do until you give her a chance," said Dr. Shaw. "None of these women was especially robust. I'll venture to say that any of the anaemic-looking stenographers and typewriters you'll find working in a small room on the eighteenth floor of an office building could do the same thing if she believed she could at the start."—New York Times.

"FATHER OF THE INDIAN ARMY."

In regard to a recently-proposed memorial to Lord Clive, the popular hero of India, it has been suggested that justice should be done by recalling the services of Clive's great predecessor, Gen. Stringer Lawrence, who by his heroic campaign against the French in the East, became the real founder of English supremacy in India. Lawrence had no brilliant essayist to publish his deeds, as Clive had in Macauley. A monument to the great soldier stands in Westminster, but his service to his country is almost forgotten.

When Gen. Lawrence, then a major, was sent to India in 1748, he found the army at his command to consist of a few companies of British soldiers and a small force of natives, hastily recruited and armed with old matchlocks. With this inadequate material as a nuclus, he built an army which performed the splendid victories by which England became undisputed mistress of India.

The most brilliant and decisive of Lawrence's triumphs was that of Golden Rock. The French, advancing on Trichinopoli, determined to drive the English, who held the Rock, into the city. The Rock was defended by a weak force of sepoys. Lawrence's army was on the plain.

The French made an assault and captured the Rock. Lawrence, with a hastily collected force of not quite a thousand of English and sepoy men, stood little apparent chance against a vastly superior force of a triumphant enemy. He hesitated but a moment, however.

"It is better to die advancing than retreating," he declared.

The attack on the Rock was made with such vigor and impetuosity that the astonished and bewildered French were driven out in panic at the very moment they were exulting over victory. A British officer says of this feat of arms:

"Nothing finer was ever performed in any part of the world than this assault, by a handful of grenadiers, upon Golden Rock, held by the enemy who had just captured it, and whose army was formed at the base. it was one of those deeds of heroism which deserve to be recorded in the archieves of national history, never to be suffered, as is this case, to fall into oblivion."—Youth's Companion.

HUNTING BEARS IN INDIA.

The beaters arrived at camp the following morning. They began to come in twos and threes, then in fives and sixes, and finally in dozens, so that by the time breakfast was over, the entire male population of some three villages were grouped about my tent. With the help of the shikaris, fifty of these were selected and each given a slip of paper bearing my signature, for when they came for their wages at the end of the day I did not wish the friends and relatives of the beaters, as well as the beaters themselves, turning up for payment.

The din these fifty souls succeed in making as they move in a long line up the base and two sides of a wooded nullah shrieking, howling, cat-calling, setting off fire-crackers and beating tum-tums, is enough to drive any self-respecting bear out of his seven senses. An army of battle-shouting dervishes could hardly create a greater amount of uproar, nor is it at all surprising that the bear should find a pressing engagement elsewhere at the earliest possible moment after finding his nullah thus rudely invaded. If he turns down the nullah, he encounters the invading army; if he tries to escape by the sides, he is met and driven back by beaters already posted. Therefore he does the most natural thing in the world by fleeing up the centre of the nullah, directly away from the oncoming din. At the top of the cleft stands the sportsman. The undergrowth probably prevents the sportsman's seeing the bear or the bear seeing him until they actually meet.—From "Black Bear Honking in the Valley of Kashmir," by J. J. Grew, in The Outing Magazine.

LEAPS TO TERRIBLE DEATH.

The British steamship Annette, from Kingston, Jamaica, brought news to Philadelphia of the tragic death of William Brown, a stowaway who had been debarred from landing on the last trip of the vessel to that port. Deported by the immigration officials here, he was on his way back to Kingston and was nearing the shore, when he sought to escape by leaping overboard and swimming to the land.

Hardly had his body struck the water when dark forms were seen rushing toward it below the surface, and in full sight of the horrified crew a dozen sharks surrounded the helpless victim. He called loudly for help, but before assistance could be sent to him he had been dragged under the water.

Jamaica punishes stowaways by compelling them to work on the public highways three months, and it was to avoid this punishment that Brown made his desperate effort to escape.

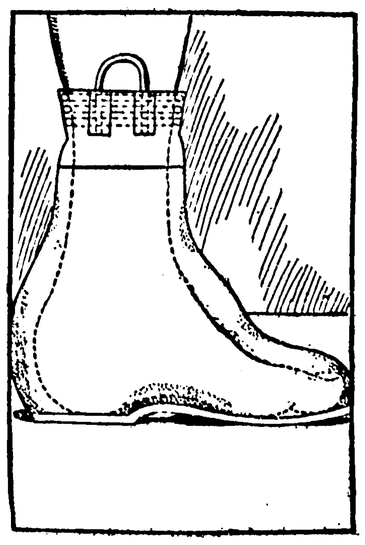
ENGLAND'S REBELLIOUS CONVICTS.

Prisoners Exercising in the Yard at Wormwood Scrubbs, One of Great Britain's Leading Prisons, and Recently Disturbed by Mutinous Outbreaks.

—The Sphere.

Unique Foot Bath.

The desirability of prolonged foot baths is well recognized, as is also the inconvenience incident to the present methods of taking these baths in an open vessel of some description. The inconveniences include seclusion of the person, replenishing the bath and exposure of the moist skin to the air. To obviate these inconveniences an Ohio man



has invented a specially designed slipper for the purpose of soaking the feet. This slipper can be readily put on or taken off, and can be worn about the house. Air is excluded from the feet, the natural warmth of the feet keeping the bath itself warm. The slipper is made of rubber, with a comparatively heavy sole, the body or upper being light and elastic. The sole and upper are considerably larger than the foot, so as to provide room for the bath. The ankle fits closely. Above the ankle are hand pieces, to assist in putting on or taking off the slipper. By placing a small quantity of the desired bath in the slipper the wearer can prolong the bath indefinitely without seclusion, replenishing or exposure to cold air. Any desired liquid bath, such as plain or salt water or any medical compound may be used.—Washington Star.

He Needs a Home.

A commuter, who rides two hours each morning to reach his work and two hours more at night to get home, was asked: "Why do you do it? Why not live in town?"

"Because I am one of those men," he answered, "who cannot be happy unless he has one spot of land on God's green earth upon which he can stand and call it his own. Because I would suffocate to live all my life under a roof belonging to some one else. Because I want my children to grow up with the instinct of home, and not as mere dwellers in the tents of the migrating races. These are the reasons why I get up at daybreak and, at this time of year, eat my dinner by the gaslight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mexican Cargador.

Just as one finds the rickshaw everywhere in India so one finds the cargador in Mexico. He is a beast of burden. In general he is a comparatively small man, with broad shoulders and stout arms and legs. To look at him one would not think he would be able to carry heavy burdens. But the weight he can carry is surprising. You have a trunk you can scarcely move, for instance. You send for cargador. He gets it upon his back, high up on the shoulders, and he marches off with it as easily as though it were a plaything. A life dedicated to carrying heavy burdens has made this work easy for him. A slightly built Mexican will carry over 500 pounds on his shoulders for short distances.

Until lately almost everything in Mexico City and everywhere else throughout the republic was carried upon the backs of cargardors. If you wanted to move your household furniture you hired a certain number of cargadors. For house moving they generally work in pairs, each pair having a hand truck, which they pick up and carry, when it is loaded, for it has no wheels. In Mexico City there are still hundreds of these hand trucks, though one may now find plenty of carts, wagons and heavy moving trucks. There are also regular transfer companies. But all of these are of recent importation.—Mexican Herald.

"POCAHONTAS."
Mr. Partridge's Beautiful Statue at the Jamestown Exposition.

Steel box cars have been built recently which will weigh about 3000 pounds less than wooden cars of the same size and capacity.

THOUGHTFUL.

Lady (returning from the country)—"Have you noticed, Liese, that my husband became lonesome during my absence?"

Maid—"I did not notice it at first—but he seemed quite downhearted the last day."—Fliegenden Blaetter.

FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

The Crown Princess of Germany gave birth to a son.

Mrs. William Crosswell Doane, wife of the Episcopal Bishop of Albany, N. Y., died in that city.

Mme. Melba is said to have received $50,000 and Tamagno $15,000 for singing before a gramophone.

Miss Eulalalie Dix is an American girl who has made a notable success as a painter of miniature portraits.

In Amsterdam there is a factory where 400,000 diamonds are cut annually. Most of the work is done by women.

It is reported from Italy that another American woman has found her husband not to be a count but an old jailbird.

The press is printing columns of sarcasm at the expense of the Newport society girl who rises at daylight to milk five cows.

Annie Louise Cary, the greatest of American contraltos during her operatic career, has just passed the sixty-fifth anniversary of her birthday.

Mrs. E. L. Godkin, who was the wife of the late E. Lawrence Godkin, of the Evening Post, died at her home in New York City from heart disease.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Allesbury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40,000 acres in extent.

Miss Robb, who recently died in Edinburgh at the age of ninety-four, had been on the English Navy pension roll since birth, as she was the posthumous child of Captain Robb, of the Royal Navy.

Mrs. Roosevelt has informed close friends that her husband and she long ago decided that, purely as a family affair, not a political one, they and theirs would leave the White House on March 4, 1909.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The Statue of Liberty, in New York City Harbor, is twenty-one years old.

Lord Minto expressed the thanks of King Edward VII. to the troops for their loyalty.

The Legislative Council of India has adopted a bill for the prevention of public seditious meetings.

France has ordered the withdrawal of four cruisers and nine torpedo boats from the Moroccan coast.

Sixty business concerns in Pittsburg, Pa., paid $100 each to an alleged labor organization to prevent strikes.

The Legislative Council at Simla passed a bill empowering provincial authorities to prohibit seditious native meetings.

Harry Levey took a 105-year lease of a Long Acre Square corner, New York City, agreeing to pay a total of $12,000,000 rent.

The Black Hundreds at Odessa, Russia, have renewed attacks on the Jews; a mutiny of sappers at Vladivostok was quelled.

Merchants in Kansas City closed their stores, following wholesale arrests for previous violations of the State Sunday closing law.

Captain C. P. Johnson, U. S. A., after a visit to the discontented Utes, criticised as harsh the treatment of them by Indian Agent Downs.

Herr Harden, editor of Die Zukunft, was acquitted in the suit brought in Berlin against him by General Count Kuno von Moltke.

The Treasury officials took steps to increase the money in circulation by the coinage of bullion and an increased issue of national bank notes.

Indianapolis gas interests were taken over by a company organized by popular subscription, which will reduce the price from ninety to sixty cents.

There is no reason to be grieved because political reform has not been more speedy than social, industrial and economic reform. On the contrary, declares the New York World, reform is not a special but a general effort of the human race.

There's something about the approach of a presidential campaign, notes the New Haven Register, which seems to have a miraculous effect on political dry bones.

Another way to avoid a charge of manslaughter, suggests the Indianapolis News, is not to give the machine so much speed.

EAGLE HOTEL

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CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

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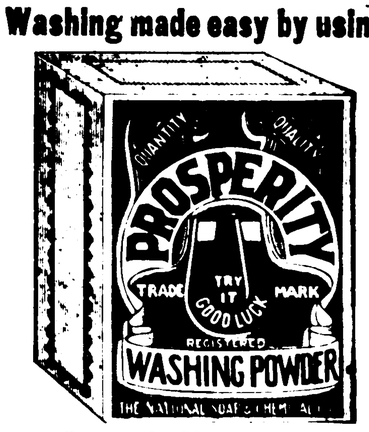

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

Here and There.

Fire destroyen the dwelling and barn, together with a lot of stock belonging to Samuel Shambaugh, near Bloseryille, Cumberland county. It was of incendiary origin and the loss was $5,000.

When the time for the wedding of Miss Maude McGibney, of Delta, York county, and Fred Bennington, of Cardiff, Md., arrived Wednesday night, the bride-groom was missing. It is said that he ran away with a new sweetheart

Mrs. Eliza Kapp, of Enola, died Friday, just four months after the death of her husband, youngest son and granddaughter. Grief and despondency were responsible for Mrs. Kapp's death. She was 65 years old.

Stanaslaus Hummell, aged 25, of Scranton, was suffocated in a singular manner. The man was engaged in cleaning a bake oven which was to be repaired. He had crawled inside the oven and was lying down at work when the structure collapsed, and when the bricks were removed he was found dead.

Having been thrown out of employment and being unable to secure another job, Butz Shultz, of York, attempted suicide by hanging. He entered an old warehouse and placed a rope around his neck, the other end being suspended from a rafter. Friends discovered him in time to cut down his body before life was extinct.

Within six hours after the death of her husband, at Centrallia Friday, Mrs. Aaron Trexler expired at Brandonville, fifteen miles away. Both died of pneumonia and neither knew of the other's illness. Mrs. Trexler was taken ill while on a visit to her mother at Brandonville. Both were laid side by side in Mahanoy City on Sunday.

Wealthy newspaper men are very scarce. But here's the history of one: John Jones, an Illinois editor, who started a business career about twenty years ago with only fifteen cents, is now rated at $100,000. This vast accumulation was made possible by his frugality, strict attention to business, hard and incessant work, and the fact that a rich uncle died leaving him $99,998.54.

'Tis said a young lady went into a store the other day in this boro and blushingly asked the clerk if he "had any of those elastic bands capable of being elongated and ejusted at pleasure, and used by the feminine portion of mankind for putting around the lower extremities of their locomotive members, to keep in the proper position and the required altitude liabilaments of their tibias." The clerk has since recovered from the spasm and is still doing business at the old staud.

Filmore, a 3 year-old son of Arthur Miller, of York, was badly burned Wednesday shortly after noon while playing around the kitchen stove. The child had a short stick of wood which he put in the open grate to see it burn. When it was afiame he drew it out and it was then that the blaze caught his clothing. In an instant he was a mass of flames and his screams attracted his mother, who extinguished the fire and was herself burned about the hands and arms. The child's condition is serious.

In an attempt to swallow a piece of meat while visiting a neighbor, Wednesday, James Frey, a tobacco farmer of quarryville, Lancaster county, choked to death. The family of Joseph Swineheart were holding a celebration and Frey, who was 75 years of age, was invited. At the dinner table he was seen to grasp for breath. When it was seen that he was choking home treatment was applied but to no avail. Physicians were summoned, but before they responded death ensued.

With thousands of dollars in money and securities hidden in every part of his miserable shack, Isaac Burwell, aged 70, a hermit of Washington, Pa., was found dead on the floor of the hut, Saturday morning. Physicians say his death was due to lack of nourishment. Burwell had not been seen for days and a neighbor broke into his hut to investigate and found the dead body. Burwell had evidently been dead for about three days. He was the last of a family at one time well known and prominent in Washington county. Many years ago he sold a large farm and the underlying coal, and believing himself to have been cheated in the sale, he retired from the world and lived alone Fearing to trust again his fellowmen, he concealed his money and some few securities about his wretched hovel A large amount of his fortune has been found and a further search is expected to reveal additional wealth. He has no known relatives.

Cold weather is just arriving, and don't forget we have the Coats and Furs to keep you warm

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, Hanover.

F. M. Geisler, driver for an Altoona bakery, while driving along a lonely mountain road, was held up by footpads and after being robbed was thrown back into the carriage, tied hand and foot, gagged and left to the mercy of his team. The two horses were seen slowly joggi g along the road on their way home and the driver was released. Only about $3 was secured by the robbers.

Six-year old Mildred Stover, of North Braddock, carried her sick brother's breakfast to him as he lay in bed Saturday morning. The child ventured too close to the blazing grate fire, and in a minute her clothing was in flames. The brother, who is only 14, has been bedridden six weeks, but he leaped to the assistance of his sister. The mother found them both in flames. The little girl died an hour later. The boy cannot survive.

FIRE AT COLLEGE CHURCH.

Gettysburg, Nov. 28.—Fire threatened to destroy the college church yesterday and serious damage would have been done to the building and its furnishings had it not been for the presence of mind of Mrs. Harvey Bollinger, wife of the sexton of the church. As it was, the fire was not extinguished before three joists were burned through, a hole burned through the ceiling of the first floor and up through the floor and carpet into the main auditorium of the building. Mrs. Bollinger was burning paper in the furnace in the corner of the building and noticing smoke hurried up in the church room which she found fast filling with smoke. She found that the flames were coming through the floor a few feet from the register which is fed from the furnace in which the papers were being burned, and running down stairs she put a bucket under the spigot, turned on the water and picked up a large tub of water with which she had been washing clothes She carried this up the steps and pour it down the hole the fire had made and then went down and brought up the bucket which by this time was filled. This was repeated several times until the fire was extinguished.

SILK COMPANY APPLIES FOR RECEIVERS

York, Nov. 27.—A bill in equity was filed before Judge Wanner today asking that receivers be appointod for the York Silk Manufacturing Company Judge Wanner complied with the request, appointing M. G. Collins and Captain W. H. Lanius as receivers. The bill was sworn to by a number of stockholders who allege that owning to the condition of the money market the directors have been unable to borrow money for the needs of the company and the appoint ment of receivers was made necessary to preserve the assets of the company from threatened executions and attachments from its creditors. According to the paper filed the assets of the company are given at $2,392,513 and the liabilities at $822,500.

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Ayer's

We publish our formulas

We banish alcohol from our medicines

We urge you to consult your doctor

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Subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries on April 11, 1908.

For Sheriff,
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of Franklin township.

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of Straban township.

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C. L. BUBB
of Hamilton township.

Having been within a few votes of being nominated at the Democratic County Convention three years ago, and being urged by numerous friends, I again announce as a candidate for the office of REGISTER AND RECORDER.
JACOB A. APPLER.
Mountjoy township.

For County Commissioner,
Z. H. CASHMAN,
New Oxford Borough.

For Clerk of Courts,
JACOB F. THOMAS,
of Straban township.

For Director of the Poor,
ISAAC C. THOMAS,
of Hamilton township.

FINNANCIAL STATEMENT
—OF—
NEW OXFORD BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION, Third Series, for first six months of fifth year, from May 11th to November 9th, 1907.

—RESOURCES.—

Balance in treas. at last audit.—	$1 759 71	
Dues received.—	1 949 75	
Interest received.—	468 39	
Fines received.—	23 05	
		$4 200 90

LIABILITIES.

84 Shares loaned in force.—	$ 825 00	
14 Shares purchased.—	851 91	
For pass books.—	3 15	
Treas salary and room rent.—	13 50	
Sec'y salary and stationary .—	18 50	
Balance in treas.—	2 488 86	
		$4 200 90

RECAPITULATION.

170 1-10 shares loaned in force.—	$17 010 00	
Balance in treas.—	2 488 86	
Due Stockholders.—	$19 498 86	
Less overpaid dues.—	46 82	
		$19 452 04

Amount paid in on each share.— $88 50.
Value of each share.— $66 16.
Number of shares in force, 294.

Examined and approved by the auditing committee this 9th day of Nov. 1907.
C. T. HERSH.
C. H. EMMERT. } Auditing Com.
W. R. SNYDER.

Attest.—J. R. Weaver, Sec'y.

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What would make a more acceptable present than a Nice Dress?
==NACE'S.

TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

for X=mas Presents.
==NACE'S.

Ladies' Coats At 1-3 OFF.

On account of having our Coats from manufacturer on commission we must return them on Dec. 7th, we make this reduction before returning them. NACE'S.

Children Coats & Ladies' Furs,

at Reductions of 1=4 to 1=3 less than former prices. ==NACE'S.

Shoes, Rubbers and Felt Boots

Shoes that will wear and turn the water are needed now. Felt Boots and Rubbers for the whole family. ==NACE'S.

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Good quality, large size Blankets at 60c to $1.00.
Comforts, full size, $1.25 to $2.50.

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Beutiful designs, best imitation hand painting, in shapes that will please you, at manufacturers prices. See them. NACE'S.

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All work neatly done and guaranteed

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Executrix's Notice.

Estate of MARGARET HELTZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.

MARIA KEHM, New Oxford, Pa.
Or her Attorney, John D. Keith, Gettysburg, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—$1.00 per annum, in advance—$1 50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

Here and There.

Fire destroyed the dwelling and barn, together with a lot of stock belonging to Samuel Shambaugh, near Bloserville, Cumberland county. It was of incendiary origin and the loss was $5,000.

When the time for the wedding of Miss Maude McGibney, of Delta, York county, and Fred Bennington, of Cardiff, Md., arrived Wednesday night, the bride-groom was missing. It is said that he ran away with a new sweetheart

Mrs. Eliza Kapp, of Enola, died Friday, just four months after the death of her husband, youngest son and granddaughter. Grief and despondency were responsible for Mrs. Kapp's death. She was 65 years old.

Stanaslaus Hummell, aged 25, of Scranton, was suffocated in a singular manner. The man was engaged in cleaning a bake oven which was to be repaired. He had crawled inside the oven and was lying down at work when the structure collapsed, and when the bricks were removed he was found dead.

Having been thrown out of employment and being unable to secure another job, Butz Shultz, of York, attempted suicide by hanging. He entered an old warehouse and placed a rope around his neck, the other end being suspended from a rafter. Friends discovered him in time to cut down his body before life was extinct.

Within six hours after the death of her husband, at Centrallia Friday, Mrs. Aaron Trexler expired at Brandonville, fifteen miles away. Both died of pneumonia and neither knew of the other's illness. Mrs. Trexler was taken ill while on a visit to her mother at Brandonville. Both were laid side by side in Mahanoy City on Sunday.

Wealthy newspaper men are very scarce. But here's the history of one: John Jones, an Illinois editor, who started a business career about twenty years ago with only fifteen cents, is now rated at $100,000. This vast accumulation was made possible by his frugality, strict attention to business, hard and incessant work, and the fact that a rich uncle died leaving him $99,998.54.

'Tis said a young lady went into a store the other day in this boro and blushingly asked the clerk if he "had any of those elastic bands capable of being elongated and ejusted at pleasure, and used by the feminine portion of mankind for putting around the lower extremities of their locomotive members, to keep in the proper position and the required altitude liabilaments of their tibias." The clerk has since recovered from the spasm and is still doing business at the old stand.

Filmore, a 3 year-old son of Arthur Miller, of York, was badly burned Wednesday shortly after noon while playing around the kitchen stove. The child had a short stick of wood which he put in the open grate to see it burn. When it was aflame he drew it out and it was then that the blaze caught his clothing. In an instant he was a mass of flames and his screams attracted his mother, who extinguished the fire and was herself burned about the hands and arms. The child's condition is serious.

In an attempt to swallow a piece of meat while visiting a neighbor, Wednesday, James Frey, a tobacco farmer of quarryville, Lancaster county, choked to death. The family of Joseph Swineheart were holding a celebration and Frey, who was 75 years of age, was invited. At the dinner table he was seen to grasp for breath, When it was seen that he was choking home treatment was applied but to no avail. Physicians were summoned, but before they responded death ensued.

With thousands of dollars in money and securities hidden in every part of his miserable shack, Isaac Burwell, aged 70, a hermit of Washington, Pa., was found dead on the floor of the hut, Saturday morning. Physicians say his death was due to lack of nourishment. Burwell had not been seen for days and a neighbor broke into his hut to investigate and found the dead body. Burwell had evidently been dead for about three days. He was the last of a family at one time well known and prominent in Washington county. Many years ago he sold a large farm and the underlying coal, and believing himself to have been cheated in the sale, he retired from the world and lived alone Fearing to trust again his fellowmen, he concealed his money and some few securities about his wretched hovel A large amount of his fortune has been found and a further search is expected to reveal additional wealth. He has no known relatives.

Cold weather is just arriving, and don't forget we have the Coats and Furs to keep you warm

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, Hanover.

F. M. Geisler, driver for an Altoona bakery, while driving along a lonely mountain road, was held up by footpads and after being robbed was thrown back into the carriage, tied hand and foot, gagged and left to the mercy of his team. The two horses were seen slowly joggi g along the road on their way home and the driver was released. Only about $3 was secured by the robbers.

Six-year old Mildred Stover, of North Braddock, carried her sick brother's breakfast to him as he lay in bed Saturday morning. The child ventured too close to the blazing grate fire, and in a minute her clothing was in flames. The brother, who is only 14, has been bedridden six weeks, but he leaped to the assistance of his sister. The mother found them both in flames. The little girl died an hour later. The boy cannot survive.

FIRE AT COLLEGE CHURCH.

Gettysburg, Nov. 28.—Fire threatened to destroy the college church yesterday and serious damage would have been done to the building and its furnishings had it not been for the presence of mind of Mrs. Harvey Bollinger, wife of the sexton of the church. As it was, the fire was not extinguished before three joists were burned through, a hole burned through the ceiling of the first floor and up through the floor and carpet into the main auditorium of the building. Mrs. Bollinger was burning paper in the furnace in the corner of the building and noticing smoke hurried up in the church room which she found fast filling with smoke. She found that the flames were coming through the floor a few feet from the register which is fed from the furnace in which the papers were being burned, and running down stairs she put a bucket under the spigot, turned on the water and picked up a large tub of water with which she had been washing clothes She carried this up the steps and pour it down the hole the fire had made and then went down and brought up the bucket which by this time was filled. This was repeated several times until the fire was extinguished.

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—RESOURCES.—

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Interest received,	468 39	
Fines received,	23 05	
		$4 200 90

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8¼ Shares loaned in force,	$ 825 00	
14 Shares purchased,	851 91	
For pass books,	8 18	
Treas salary and room rent,	13 50	
Sec'y salary and stationary,	18 50	
Balance in treas.,	2 488 86	
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170 1-10 shares loaned in force,	$17 010 00
Balance in treas.,	2 488 86
Due Stockholders,	$19 498 86
Less overpaid dues,	46 82
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Amount paid in on each share.—$58 50.
Value of each share.—$66 16.
Number of shares in force, 294.

Examined and approved by the auditing committee this 9th day of Nov. 1907.
C. T. HERSH.
C. H. EMMERT } Auditing Com.
W. R. SNYDER.

Attest.—J. R. Weaver, Sec'y.

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MARIA KEHM, New Oxford, Pa.
Or her Attorney, John D. Keith, Gettysburg, Pa.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Hanover has several new cases of diphtheria.

Mr. Harry Lookenbill of Pitt street, slaughtered two porkers last week that weighed 320 and 335 pounds.

Mrs Sallie Heagy, of near Abbottstown, shot a large owl last week that measured 4 feet from tip to tip of wings.

New line of perfumes in fancy boxes now on view. All the popular order. From 10c to $1.50 a box. Auker's Drug Store.

Deatrick Bros. have a new ad. in this paper. They will close out their entire stock of furniture between this and Jan. 1.

Alex J. Bucher of Arendtsville, husked 806 bushels of ears of corn from 6½ acres, an averuge of 124 busheis to the acre.

Have you seen our line of post card albums? No trouble to show, whether you buy or not. Prices from 5c to $1. Auker's Drug Store.

David Border has sold his farm stock and implements, at Round Hill, to his son E. T. Border, of near York Springs. Consideration private.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—I. W. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

E Kenton Gardner of Carlisle, has purchased the 120 acre farm of Harry E. Lerew near York Springs and expects to take possession next spring.

Mr. Chas. Wagner of Carlisle street, sold to the Lancaster parties nine large walnut logs from his farm near Heidlersburg, for which he received a handsome figure.

Mrs. H. J Brame, of Aspers, claims the record for large heads of cabbage raised during the past Summer. She has three weighing 26, 19 and 16 pounds respectively.

Mr. W. H. Carbaugh on Monday raised the frame work for the new barn on his farm at Berlin Junction, to take the place of the one destroyed by fire several weeks ago.

Do you want the best butcher pepper that can be obtained? We have it screened. No dirt or stems. 20 cents pound. We invite comparison. Auker's Drug Store.

Mr. Greg. F. Smith, of near Irishtown, Oxford township, will have public sale of farm stock and implements on March 22. Mr. Smith will remove his family to Hanover about April 1.

Another snow storm—the second one of the season—visited this section Sunday and aside from making the day very disagreeable, lent a real touch of winter to the first day of December.

Joseph H. Bream of Huntington township, is the owner of a curiosity in the shape of a hairless calf. The animal which is about three weeks old is utterly devoid of hair but is growing.

Prof. G. W. Baker bought a lot of ground of Cornelius Shue adjoining Mr. Shue's property in Abbottstown, for $300 on which he intends erecting a modern and handsome brick dwelling for himself.

Mr. William Weigle, residing on the farm formerly owned by A. S. Himes, this place, beyond Hedlersburg, is having a wind pump erected for the purpose of pumping water to his barnyard and hog stable.

Wm. P. Baker has purchased the property of James Douglass, located in western part of Abbottstown, for $900. Possession will be given in the spring. The property will be occupied by Rev. and Mrs David Baker.

Special attention is called to the large new ad. of Wentz Bros. & Frey, on 8th page. These gentlemen carry at all times a complete up to-the minute line of goods and you are always made welcome on visiting their establishment.

The Cashtown Camp has two deer to its credit. The second was gotten Thursday when Robert Rebert shot a spike buck weighing 80 pounds. The first capture was made on Tuesday when Robert Bream got a spike buck.

Hon. Howard Dicks, of Reading township, a member of the New Chester Hunting Club, which had been encamped on the Big Flat for the past week, on Friday succeeded in bringing down a four-prong Buck, which weighed 160 pounds.

William Eyler, the murderer of Howard Miller, was on Monday morning taken to the Eastern Penitentiary by Sheriff Colestock to serve his life sentence. The official word was brought from Harrisburg Friday by John L. Kendlehart.

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Horse Killed.

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Found Dead in a Spring.

Clarence Border, aged 21 years, was found dead Wednesday afternoon in a spring on the Border farm in Reading township, near Baker's Watering trough, and about 3 miles west of East Berlin.

Young Border, who was a son of the late Adam Border, ate a hearty dinner on wednesday, with the balance of the family. After dinner two of the brothers went to a cornfield to husk corn, and the understanding was that Clarence was also to come to the field and assist in the husking. He did not appear, however, and a search was instituted later in the afternoon. This resulted in the finding of the body about 5 o'clock in a spring near the farm buildings. When discovered the young man was sitting erect against the wall of the one side of the spring and his feet propped firmly against the opposite side, with his head above the water, the water in the spring being only about 18 inches deep. His hat was lying on the ground close to the spring.

The body was taken in charge by undertaker Trimmer, of East Berlin, and an inquest was held Thursday, at which the body was examined by several physicians, who pronounced the cause of death a mystery. There was no water in the body indicating death by drowning, nor marks of violence indicating self-destruction by other means. A verdict was therefore rendered that the young man came to his death in some manner unknown to the jury.

It is presumed by many that the young man had laid down to drink from the spring when he turned somersault into the water.

The funeral was held from his late home Saturday morning, interment being made at Bermudian.

V. S. Robinson Dies Suddenly.

Vincent Stanislaus Robinson died quite suddenly at his home 1816 W. Saratoga street, Baltimore, of cerebral hemmorrhages at 4:30 o'clock Friday morning. Mr. Robinson was a son of the late James Robinson, and was born and reared on the small farm at the edge of town He learned shoemaking when a boy and worked at his trade in this place for a number of years, and for several years conducted a shoe store in connection with same. About 14 years ago he removed to Baltimore, where he continued the shoemaking business up to the time of his death. About a year ago, however he was stricken with paralysis, since which time he was able to do but very little work. About twenty years ago Mr. Robinson was united in marriage with Miss Maggie Delaney, at that time a teacher in the Parochial schools here, who survives him with three daughters and one son. He is also survived by two brothers—Chas H., of Hanover street, and Aug. F., of near town; also by his step-mother Mrs. Caroline Robinson of Orange street, and seven half-sisters—Mrs. Alex. Brashshears, Mrs. John F. Miller, Mrs. Leo F. Smith, of town, Mrs. Charles Staub of McSherrystown, Mrs. Leo J. Staub of Berlin Junction, Miss Cleopha and Sister Mary Calvaria, of Philadelphia, and one half-brother—James Robinson, of Orange street, besides a host of friends throughout this section. Deceased was 47 years and 27 days. The funeral took place at 8:30 Monday morning from St. Martin Catholic Church, Baltimore, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated, after which interment was made in Bonnie Brae Cemetery, that city.

Accident Was Fatal.

Hanover, Nov. 30.—James G. Garrett, of No. 500 York street, met with a fatal accident about 3 p m. Friday, Nov. 29, while assisting his brother-in-law, Samuel Bowman, at felling trees near Iron Ridge, on land of their father-in-law, Jacob H. Bechtel, of York street.

Mr. Garrett, while endeavoring to get out of the way of a falling tree, stumbled and fell with great force, turning a complete somersault. The fall produced a fracture of his right thigh near the middle third; both bones of his left forearm were fractured, with contusions and lacerations of the same arm near the shoulder, and a laceration of the scalp just above the forehead. The servical spinal column was so seriously injured as to protrude, causing complete paralysis from the shoulders down. The paralysis included both that of sensation and motion.

The injured man was taken to the home of his wife's uncle, Andrew Boyer, near the scene of the accident, and Drs. L. H. Sterner and H. M. Alleman were summoned, who rendered every surgical aid possible.

It was decided to remove him to his home in this place, and he was brought here at 12:25 p. m. over the N. C. Railway, and conveyed to his home in a surrey, accompanied by his wife. Before they arrived there, life had fled.

Mr. Garrett was a son of the late Jacob W. Garrett, Hanover, and was aged 25 years, 11 months and 19 days. He was a painter by trade, and was married in March last to Miss Katie Bechtel, daughter of Jacob H. Bechtel, York street, who survives him. He is also survived by his mother, two sisters, one brother, one stepsister and one step-brother.

Pensions Issued.

At $12 a month—Jerome W. Keller, Cashtown.

At $15 a month—Joseph E. Kelly, R F. D. No. 4, Gettysburg.

Winter seems to have set in in earnest with December. Three days snow thus far in the Christmas month.

Death Doings.

Robert Timmins, one of the twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Timmins, formerly of this place, died at the home of his parents in Baltimore, on Nov. 17, aged 27 years.

The death of Samuel Dolhammer occurred in Latimore township on last Friday evening. The deceased was born and lived his entire life in Latimore township. He died at the residence of his son Samuel and was aged about 88 years. The deceased was the oldest member of the Chestnut Grove Lutheran church, having been connected with it since organization about 1846. Mr. Dolhammer was the father of nine children only three of whom survive.

Henry G. Berkheimer, at one time a resident of East Berlin, died at York and was buried at the Pigeon Hill Lutheran church last week.

Jacob Reigle died at his home near Hostetter's meeting house, Conewago twp Tuesday, Nov. 26. from a complication of diseases, aged 77 years, 9 months and 28 days. He is survived by four sons and three daughters.

Charles H. Heindel died at 5 p m Wednesday, Nov. 27, at his home in Hanover, of tuberculosis, from which he had been a sufferer for several years. He was aged 34 years, 1 month and 4 days.

Miss Mary Colton died at the home of John W. Gallagher, Esq, No. 286 St. Paul street, Baltimore, at 3 p. m. Saturday, Nov. 30, of dropsy, aged 57 years. Deceased was formerly from McSherrystown. The remains were brought to Hanover at 9:33 a. m. Tuesday and taken to Conewago Chapel Cemetery, where interment was made, Rev. Father Halfitermeyer officiating.

David Thomas Hoff, a native of York county, but for the last 30 years a resident of Emmitsburg, Md., died from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy received while walking on the street. He was a mechanic of extraordinary ability and was well known as a student of nature and a hunter. He lived alone in his workshop and regarded everyone his friend. One sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Grove, of Littlestown, and two nieces and one nephew are his only surviving relatives.

Hymenial.

Addison W. Leer of near Hunterstown, and Miss Leora E. Slaybaugh of Huntington township were married at the Lutheran parsonage York Springs, on Sunday evening by Rev. Stanley Billheimer.

Carroll Lamott, of Hampstead, and Miss Cecelia Miller, daughter of Geo. J. Miller, of Hanover, were married at 9 a. m. Thursday, Nov. 28, by Rev. Father Huber, at St. Joseph's parsonage, Hanover.

John S. Miller, son of Geo. J. Miller, and Miss Anna Coulson, daughter of John W. Coulson, all of Hanover, were married at 9:30 a. m. Thursday, Nov. 28, at the parsonage of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Hanover, by the Rev. Father Huber.

The wedding of Wilbur J. Wassem, eldest son of Mrs. Alice Wassem, of Hanover, and Miss Bertha Kennedy, daughter of Mrs. Virginia Kennedy, of Baltimore, was solemnized in St. Mary's Church, York, Thursday morning, Nov. 28, the Rev. Fr. Estrang officiating.

Clarence E. Wolf, of near this place, and Miss Maude Collins of Two Taverns, were united in marriage on Thanksgiving Day, at Two Taverns, by Rev. T. J. Barkley.

Nov. 27, at Fairfield, by Rev. C. L. Ritter. Archie Marshall and Miss Helen E. McLaughlin, both of Fairfield were united in marriage.

Nov. 28, at Mt. Joy parsonage, by Rev. W. G. Minnick, Curtis R. Fissel, of Greenmount, and Miss Clara B. Coshun, of Barlow, were united in marriage.

Large Barn Burned.

McKnightstown, Dec. 3.—The large barn of Clayton Sowers, living near here, was totally destroyed by fire about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon together with all the crops, some machinery, part of one corn crib, hog pen, straw stack and some harness. Three shoats were also burned, all the other stock being saved. The barn caught fire from the traction engine of Wm. Andrews being used in threshing and though there were a number of men near by when the fire started their efforts were in vain and all that could be done was to save as much of the contents as possible. The building was insured for $600 in the Adams County Company.

The funeral of Alexander W. Himes, which was held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late home on Pitt street, was very largely attended. Rev. W. W. Hartman, pastor of the Methodist church, conducted the services. Hebron Lodge No. 465, F. and A. M., of which deceased was a member, attended the funeral in a body and performed the last burial rites at the grave. The pall bearers were J. W. Barnitz, W. H. Emmert, C. H. Emmert, G. A. Klingel, H. W. Swartz and J. McClain Gilbert.

Miss Fannie Ditenhafer is seriously ill at her home on Berlin Ave., from a complication of diseases.

Fearful Leap to Death.

Miss Minnie H. Rudisill, aged 35 years, daughter of the late A. E. Rudisill, of Peen township, near Hanover, committed suicide in Baltimore Sunday morning about 7 o'clock by jumping from a window on the fourth floor of the Union Protestant Infirmary, on Division Street. She was in an unconscious condition when help reached her, and died half an hour later. Miss Rudisill lived in Hanover with her sister, Miss Savilla Rudisill. She left her home on Thursday, Nov. 28, for Baltimore, with the expressed intention of undergoing an examination at the Union Protestant Infirmary, as she was under the belief that she was suffering from some internal trouble. The examination was made on Friday.

The Baltimore Sun gives the following account of the sad occurrence: Miss Rudisill, who appeared to be of refined circumstances, came to the infirmary Friday morning and asked to be admitted, stating that she was subject to a nervous disorder. An examination was made while she was under ether but the physicians found she had no ailment. She appeared to be much relieved, and said she would leave Saturday evening.

When a nurse of the infirmary waited on her Saturday, Miss Rudisill is said to have declared that she was worried over the expenses, as she said she had no money. The nurse told her not to worry and finally Miss Rudisill was persuaded to remain at the infirmary until Sunday.

About 6:45 a. m. the nurse went down to the office to consult with Dr. Dabney, the infirmary superintendent, about Miss Rudisill's condition. Scarcely had the nurse left, when Miss Rudisill had leaped to the windowsill, climbed over an iron guard railing two feet high, and leaped from the sill.

Miss Rudisill had been picked up by several attendants who found her unconscious. She did not seem to be bruised or have any limbs broken. The resident physicians worked energetically for half an hour, but were unable to revive her. Death seemed to have resulted from internal injuries and the shock from the great distance which Miss Rudisill fell, a height of about 60 feet. The physicians are of the opinion that Miss Rudisill was temporarily insane when she leaped from the window.

She is survived by two brothers—Solomon Rudisill and H. M. Rudisill (the latter for a number of years a resident of New Oxford,) and two sisters—Mrs. D. D. Krug and Miss Savilla Rudisill, all of Hanover.

Fire at Millinery Store.

Gettysburg, Nov. 27.—Fire in the millinery establishment of Miss Emma Kuhn at corner of West High and South Washington streets last evening caused a lot of excitement and no little damage. Some lace curtains caught from an overheated stove and from these the flames spread to some of the millinery. Chief Wisotzkey, who lives on the opposite corner soon arrived on the scene and with S. A. Troxel, another active member of the Fire Department, together with several other men put out the flames The flames were discovered by Miss Kuhn's brother who is a severe sufferer with rheumatism. His bed had been put in the room where Miss Kuhn does much of her trimming. He was in the front room. When he discovered that the curtains in the rear room had caught fire he called "fire" and went to the room where he fell among the bed clothing and curtains which were aflame. Mr. Troxell who was passing heard his cry and hurried in, saving him from severe if not fatal burns. Mr. Kuhn was badly burned about the eyebrows, while his sister had one finger severely scorched. The bed, bed clothes, curtains, carpet and millinery goods damaged and destroyed were valued at about $50.

A Costly Shot.

Jere Carbaugh, son of Albert Carbaugh, of New Baltimore, shot a doe near White Pine Camp Monday last and must pay a fine of $100 and costs within the next seven days or go to jail. Carbaugh was hunting near White Pine and suddenly coming upon a doe blazed away and killed it. Some hunters from the Mont Alto club came along and saw the deer and Carbaugh owned up to having shot it

New Baltimore is located in Hamiltonban township, this county.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Shane and wife, of Washington, D. C., spent several days at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Lucina Heltzel, Philadelphia street.

Mr. Chas. W. Cook, of Sparrow's Point, Md., spent Thursday with his mother, Mrs Louisa Cook, Hanover street.

Mrs. Ellen L Wagner, of Arendtsville; Mr. George E. Wagner of Gettysburg, Mr. Arthur W. Wagner of Harrisburg, Miss Fannie Beard of Gettysburg, and Miss Norma E. Miller of Hanover, were the guests of the Misses Wagner, near town, last week.

Misses Carrie, Laura and Olie Eckert, of near Heidlersburg, spent the past week with friends at Bowmansdale.

Among our callers on Saturday was Mr. Frank M. Thomas, the genral proprietor of the Hotel Hunterstown. Mr. Thomas, by the way is a candidate for the Sheriffalty before the Democratic primaries. He is a good fellow and has a good chance of winning out.

Mrs. Alice Miller, of Altoona, spent last week at the home of her brother, Mr. A. A. Sanders, near town. Mrs. E. W. Hartman and son, of Cashtown, sister of Mrs. Sanders, spent several days at the same place.

Mrs. A. J. Musturn of Silvin Grove, Kansas, S. A. Rolshonn, of Pittsburg, Wm. H. Gilbert of Neneanan, Conn., Mayor O. D. Gilbert of Westminster, Md., were guests of J. McC. Gilbert.

Mrs. W. A. Himes and Misses Amelia and Helen Himes, of this place, were guests of Gettysburg relatives over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fanus and three children, of near town, spent several days with friends at Harrisburg.

W. A. Korn and daughter, Philadelphia street, paid a visit to Hellam, last week.

Miss Grace Libhart of Hellam spent several days at the Reformed parsonage, Philadelphia street, last week.

After Tipton With Butcher Knife.

The Wilkesbarre Record of Wednesday had the following to say about Robert Tipton, of Gettysburg, a member of the State Constabulary.

While attempting to place Mrs. Alpina Parshak, of Walnut street, Georgetown, under arrest Tuesday, private Tipton of the State constabulary, was attacked by William Ambrose, her father, who with a butcher knife attempted to kill the officer. He was placed under arrest, as was also the woman.

The trouble arose because Michael Chumlewski had a warrant sworn out before Alderman Sullivan, charging Mrs. Parshak with perjury. When Tipton appeared at the home she called to her father. The latter, upon seeing the officer, grabbed a knife and made for the latter. Tipton drew his revolver for protection. This seemed to scare Ambrose, and he retreated.

Not wishing to cause any disturbance or shoot, the officer attempted to inform the man in a quiet manner of his business but the latter would not listen. Finally constables Halper and Sullivan, of Alderman Sullivan's office who happened to be at Georgetown on other business were noticed by Tipton passing the house. Calling to them, they went to his assistance. The three men then rushed at the fellow and after considerable difficulty placed the handcuffs upon him.

AN EXPRESSIVE PIANO.

The finest shades of expression can be procured on the Weaver Piano. The touch is elastic and responsive; the tone clear and delecate, combined with a richness and depth that is overwhelming. It responds to every emotion of the professional performer. Send for free catalogue.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.,
Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat	$ .92
No. 2 "	90
Raked "	50
Rye	55 @ 70
Corn	65 @ 70
Oats	22 @ 45
Clover seed, per lb	10 @ 13
Timothy seed	1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw	6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay	10 00 @ 14 00

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only $1.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Hanover has several new cases of diphtheria.

Mr. Harry Lookenbill of Pitt street, slaughtered two porkers last week that weighed 320 and 335 pounds.

Mrs Sallie Heagy, of near Abbottstown, shot a large owl last week that measured 4 feet from tip to tip of wings.

New line of perfumes in fancy boxes now on view. All the popular order. From 10c to $1.50 a box. Auker's Drug Store.

Deatrick Bros. have a new ad. in this paper. They will close out their entire stock of furniture between this and Jan. 1.

Alex J. Bucher of Arendtsville, husked 806 bushels of ears of corn from 6½ acres, an averuge of 124 bushels to the acre.

Have you seen our line of post card albums? No trouble to show, whether you buy or not. Prices from 5c to $1. Auker's Drug Store.

David Border has sold his farm stock and implements, at Round Hill, to his son E. T. Border, of near York Springs. Consideration private.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—I. W. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

E Kenton Gardner of Carlisle, has purchased the 120 acre farm of Harry E. Lerew near York Springs and expects to take possession next spring.

Mr. Chas. Wagner of Carlisle street, sold to the Lancaster parties nine large walnut logs from his farm near Heidlersburg, for which he received a handsome figure.

Mrs. H. J Brame, of Aspers, claims the record for large heads of cabbage raised during the past Summer. She has three weighing 26, 19 and 16 pounds respectively.

Mr. W. H. Carbaugh on Monday raised the frame work for the new barn on his farm at Berlin Junction, to take the place of the one destroyed by fire several weeks ago.

Do you want the best butcher pepper that can be obtained? We have it screened. No dirt or stems. 20 cents pound. We invite comparison. Auker's Drug Store.

Mr. Greg. F. Smith, of near Irishtown, Oxford township, will have public sale of farm stock and implements on March 22. Mr. Smith will remove his family to Hanover about April 1.

Another snow storm—the second one of the season—visited this section Sunday and aside from making the day very disagreeable, lent a real touch of winter to the first day of December.

Joseph H. Bream of Huntington township, is the owner of a curiosity in the shape of a hairless calf. The animal which is about three weeks old is utterly devoid of hair but is growing.

Prof. G. W. Baker bought a lot of ground of Cornelius Shue adjoining Mr. Shue's property in Abbottstown, for $300 on which he intends erecting a modern and handsome brick dwelling for himself.

Mr. William Weigle, residing on the farm formerly owned by A. S. Himes, this place, beyond Hedlersburg, is having a wind pump erected for the purpose of pumping water to his barnyard and hog stable.

Wm. P. Baker has purchased the property of James Douglass, located in western part of Abbottstown, for $900. Possession will be given in the spring. The property will be occupied by Rev. and Mrs David Baker.

Special attention is called to the large new ad. of Wentz Bros. & Frey, on 8th page. These gentlemen carry at all times a complete up to-the minute line of goods and you are always made welcome on visiting their establishment.

The Cashtown Camp has two deer to its credit. The second was gotten Thursday when Robert Rebert shot a spike buck weighing 80 pounds. The first capture was made on Tuesday when Robert Bream got a spike buck.

Hon. Howard Dicks, of Reading township, a member of the New Chester Hunting Club, which had been encamped on the Big Flat for the past week, on Friday succeeded in bringing down a four-prong Buck, which weighed 160 pounds.

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Found Dead in a Spring.

Clarence Border, aged 21 years, was found dead Wednesday afternoon in a spring on the Border farm in Reading township, near Baker's Watering trough, and about 3 miles west of East Berlin.

Young Border, who was a son of the late Adam Border, ate a hearty dinner on wednesday, with the balance of the family. After dinner two of the brothers went to a cornfield to husk corn, and the understanding was that Clarence was also to come to the field and assist in the husking. He did not appear, however, and a search was instituted later in the afternoon. This resulted in the finding of the body about 5 o'clock in a spring near the farm buildings. When discovered the young man was sitting erect against the wall of the one side of the spring and his feet propped firmly against the opposite side, with his head above the water, the water in the spring being only about 18 inches deep. His hat was lying on the ground close to the spring.

The body was taken in charge by undertaker Trimmer, of East Berlin, and an inquest was held Thursday, at which the body was examined by several physicians, who pronounced the cause of death a mystery. There was no water in the body indicating death by drowning, nor marks of violence indicating self-destruction by other means. A verdict was therefore rendered that the young man came to his death in some manner unknown to the jury.

It is presumed by many that the young man had laid down to drink from the spring when he turned somersault into the water.

The funeral was held from his late home Saturday morning, interment being made at Bermudian.

V. S. Robinson Dies Suddenly.

Vincent Stanislaus Robinson died quite suddenly at his home 1816 W. Saratoga street, Baltimore, of cerebral hemmorrhages at 4:30 o'clock Friday morning. Mr. Robinson was a son of the late James Robinson, and was born and reared on the small farm at the edge of town He learned shoemaking when a boy and worked at his trade in this place for a number of years, and for several years conducted a shoe store in connection with same. About 14 years ago he removed to Baltimore, where he continued the shoemaking business up to the time of his death. About a year ago, however he was stricken with paralysis, since which time he was able to do but very little work. About twenty years ago Mr. Robinson was united in marriage with Miss Maggie Delaney, at that time a teacher in the Parochial schools here, who survives him with three daughters and one son. He is also survived by two brothers—Chas H., of Hanover street, and Aug. F., of near town; also by his step-mother Mrs. Caroline Robinson of Orange street, and seven half-sisters—Mrs. Alex. Brashshears, Mrs. John F. Miller, Mrs. Leo F. Smith, of town, Mrs. Charles Staub of McSherrystown, Mrs. Leo J. Staub of Berlin Junction, Miss Cleopha and Sister Mary Calvaria, of Philadelphia, and one half-brother—James Robinson, of Orange street, besides a host of friends throughout this section. Deceased was 47 years and 27 days. The funeral took place at 8:30 Monday morning from St. Martin Catholic Church, Baltimore, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated, after which interment was made in Bonnie Brae Cemetery, that city.

Accident Was Fatal.

Hanover, Nov. 30.—James G. Garrett, of No. 500 York street, met with a fatal accident about 3 p m. Friday, Nov. 29, while assisting his brother-in-law, Samuel Bowman, at felling trees near Iron Ridge, on land of their father-in-law, Jacob H. Bechtel, of York street.

Mr. Garrett, while endeavoring to get out of the way of a falling tree, stumbled and fell with great force, turning a complete somersault. The fall produced a fracture of his right thigh near the middle third; both bones of his left forearm were fractured, with contusions and lacerations of the same arm near the shoulder, and a laceration of the scalp just above the forehead. The servical spinal column was so seriously injured as to protrude, causing complete paralysis from the shoulders down. The paralysis included both that of sensation and motion.

The injured man was taken to the home of his wife's uncle, Andrew Boyer, near the scene of the accident, and Drs. L. H. Sterner and H. M. Alleman were summoned, who rendered every surgical aid possible.

It was decided to remove him to his home in this place, and he was brought here at 12:25 p. m. over the N. C. Railway, and conveyed to his home in a surrey, accompanied by his wife. Before they arrived there, life had fled.

Mr. Garrett was a son of the late Jacob W. Garrett, Hanover, and was aged 25 years, 11 months and 19 days. He was a painter by trade, and was married in March last to Miss Katie Bechtel, daughter of Jacob H. Bechtel, York street, who survives him. He is also survived by his mother, two sisters, one brother, one stepsister and one step-brother.

Pensions Issued.

At $12 a month—Jerome W. Keller, Cashtown.

At $15 a month—Joseph E. Kelly, R F. D. No. 4, Gettysburg.

Winter seems to have set in in earnest with December. Three days snow thus far in the Christmas month.

Death Doings.

Robert Timmins, one of the twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Timmins, formerly of this place, died at the home of his parents in Baltimore, on Nov. 17, aged 27 years.

The death of Samuel Dolhammer occurred in Latimore township on last Friday evening. The deceased was born and lived his entire life in Latimore township. He died at the residence of his son Samuel and was aged about 88 years. The deceased was the oldest member of the Chestnut Grove Lutheran church, having been connected with it since organization about 1846. Mr. Dolhammer was the father of nine children only three of whom survive.

Henry G. Berkheimer, at one time a resident of East Berlin, died at York and was buried at the Pigeon Hill Lutheran church last week.

Jacob Reigle died at his home near Hostetter's meeting house, Conewago twp Tuesday, Nov. 26, from a complication of diseases, aged 77 years, 9 months and 28 days. He is survived by four sons and three daughters.

Charles H. Heindel died at 5 p m Wednesday, Nov. 27, at his home in Hanover, of tuberculosis, from which he had been a sufferer for several years. He was aged 34 years, 1 month and 4 days.

Miss Mary Colton died at the home of John W. Gallagher, Esq, No. 286 St. Paul street, Baltimore, at 3 p. m. Saturday, Nov. 30, of dropsy, aged 57 years. Deceased was formerly from McSherrystown. The remains were brought to Hanover at 9:33 a. m. Tuesday and taken to Conewago Chapel Cemetery, where interment was made, Rev. Father Halftermeyer officiating.

David Thomas Hoff, a native of York county, but for the last 30 years a resident of Emmitsburg, Md., died from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy received while walking on the street. He was a mechanic of extraordinary ability and was well known as a student of nature and a hunter. He lived alone in his workshop and regarded everyone his friend. One sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Grove, of Littlestown, and two nieces and one nephew are his only surviving relatives.

Hymenial.

Addison W. Leer of near Hunterstown, and Miss Leora E. Slaybaugh of Huntington township were married at the Lutheran parsonage York Springs, on Sunday evening by Rev. Stanley Billheimer.

Carroll Lamott, of Hampstead, and Miss Cecelia Miller, daughter of Geo. J. Miller, of Hanover, were married at 9 a. m. Thursday, Nov. 28, by Rev. Father Huber, at St. Joseph's parsonage, Hanover.

John S. Miller, son of Geo. J. Miller, and Miss Anna Coulson, daughter of John W. Coulson, all of Hanover, were married at 9:30 a. m. Thursday, Nov. 28, at the parsonage of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Hanover, by the Rev. Father Huber.

The wedding of Wilbur J. Wassem, eldest son of Mrs. Alice Wassem, of Hanover, and Miss Bertha Kennedy, daughter of Mrs. Virginia Kennedy, of Baltimore, was solemnized in St. Mary's Church, York, Thursday morning, Nov. 28, the Rev. Fr. Estrang officiating.

Clarence E. Wolf, of near this place, and Miss Maude Collins of Two Taverns, were united in marriage on Thanksgiving Day, at Two Taverns, by Rev. T. J. Barkley.

Nov. 27, at Fairfield, by Rev. C. L. Ritter, Archie Marshall and Miss Helen E. McLaughlin, both of Fairfield were united in marriage.

Nov. 28, at Mt. Joy parsonage, by Rev. W. G. Minnick, Curtis R. Fissel, of Greenmount, and Miss Clara B. Coshun, of Barlow, were united in marriage.

Large Barn Burned.

McKnightstown, Dec. 3.—The large barn of Clayton Sowers, living near here, was totally destroyed by fire about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon together with all the crops, some machinery, part of one corn crib, hog pen, straw stack and some harness. Three shoats were also burned, all the other stock being saved. The barn caught fire from the traction engine of Wm. Andrews being used in threshing and though there were a number of men near by when the fire started their efforts were in vain and all that could be done was to save as much of the contents as possible. The building was insured for $600 in the Adams County Company.

The funeral of Alexander W. Himes, which was held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late home on Pitt street, was very largely attended. Rev. W. W. Hartman, pastor of the Methodist church, conducted the services. Hebron Lodge No. 465, F. and A. M., of which deceased was a member, attended the funeral in a body and performed the last burial rites at the grave. The pall bearers were J. W. Barnitz, W. H. Emmert, C. H. Emmert, G. A. Klingel, H. W. Swartz and J. McClain Gilbert.

Miss Fannie Ditenhafer is seriously ill at her home on Berlin Ave., from a complication of diseases.

Fearful Leap to Death.

Miss Minnie H. Rudisill, aged 35 years, daughter of the late A. E. Rudisill, of Peen township, near Hanover, committed suicide in Baltimore Sunday morning about 7 o'clock by jumping from a window on the fourth floor of the Union Protestant Infirmary, on Division Street. She was in an unconscious condition when help reached her, and died half an hour later. Miss Rudisill lived in Hanover with her sister, Miss Savilla Rudisill. She left her home on Thursday, Nov. 28, for Baltimore, with the expressed intention of undergoing an examination at the Union Protestant Infirmary, as she was under the belief that she was suffering from some internal trouble. The examination was made on Friday.

The Baltimore Sun gives the following account of the sad occurrence: Miss Rudisill, who appeared to be of refined circumstances, came to the infirmary Friday morning and asked to be admitted, stating that she was subject to a nervous disorder. An examination was made while she was under ether but the physicians found she had no ailment. She appeared to be much relieved, and said she would leave Saturday evening.

When a nurse of the infirmary waited on her Saturday, Miss Rudisill is said to have declared that she was worried over the expenses, as she said she had no money. The nurse told her not to worry and finally Miss Rudisill was persuaded to remain at the infirmary until Sunday.

About 6:45 a. m. the nurse went down to the office to consult with Dr. Dabney, the infirmary superintendent, about Miss Rudisill's condition. Scarcely had the nurse left, when Miss Rudisill had leaped to the windowsill, climbed over an iron guard railing two feet high, and leaped from the sill.

Miss Rudisill had been picked up by several attendants who found her unconscious. She did not seem to be bruised or have any limbs broken, The resident physicians worked energetically for half an hour, but were unable to revive her. Death seemed to have resulted from internal injuries and the shock from the great distance which Miss Rudisill fell, a height of about 60 feet. The physicians are of the opinion that Miss Rudisill was temporarily insane when she leaped from the window.

She is survived by two brothers—Solomon Rudisill and H. M. Rudisill (the latter for a number of years a resident of New Oxford,) and two sisters—Mrs. D. D. Krug and Miss Savilla Rudisill, all of Hanover.

Fire at Millinery Store.

Gettysburg, Nov. 27.—Fire in the millinery establishment of Miss Emma Kuhn at corner of West High and South Washington streets last evening caused a lot of excitement and no little damage. Some lace curtains caught from an overheated stove and from these the flames spread to some of the millinery. Chief Wisotzkey, who lives on the opposite corner soon arrived on the scene and with S. A. Troxel, another active member of the Fire Department, together with several other men put out the flames The flames were discovered by Miss Kuhn's brother who is a severe sufferer with rheumatism. His bed had been put in the room where Miss Kuhn does much of her trimming. He was in the front room. When he discovered that the curtains in the rear room had caught fire he called "fire" and went to the room where he fell among the bed clothing and curtains which were aflame. Mr. Troxell who was passing heard his cry and hurried in, saving him from severe if not fatal burns. Mr. Kuhn was badly burned about the eyebrows, while his sister had one finger severely scorched. The bed, bed clothes, curtains, carpet and millinery goods damaged and destroyed were valued at about $50.

A Costly Shot.

Jere Carbaugh, son of Albert Carbaugh, of New Baltimore, shot a doe near White Pine Camp Monday last and must pay a fine of $100 and costs within the next seven days or go to jail. Carbaugh was hunting near White Pine and suddenly coming upon a doe blazed away and killed it. Some hunters from the Mont Alto club came along and saw the deer and Carbaugh owned up to having shot it

New Baltimore is located in Hamiltonban township, this county.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Shane and wife, of Washington, D. C., spent several days at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Lucina Heltzel, Philadelphia street.

Mr. Chas. W. Cook, of Sparrow's Point, Md., spent Thursday with his mother, Mrs Louisa Cook, Hanover street.

Mrs. Ellen L Wagner, of Arendtsville; Mr. George E. Wagner of Gettysburg, Mr. Arthur W. Wagner of Harrisburg, Miss Fannie Beard of Gettysburg, and Miss Norma E. Miller of Hanover, were the guests of the Misses Wagner, near town, last week.

Misses Carrie, Laura and Olie Eckert, of near Heidlersburg, spent the past week with friends at Bowmansdale.

Among our callers on Saturday was Mr. Frank M. Thomas, the genral proprietor of the Hotel Hunterstown. Mr. Thomas, by the way is a candidate for the Sheriffalty before the Democratic primaries. He is a good fellow and has a good chance of winning out.

Mrs. Alice Miller, of Altoona, spent last week at the home of her brother, Mr. A. A. Sanders, near town. Mrs. E. W Hartman and son, of Cashtown, sister of Mrs. Sanders, spent several days at the same place.

Mrs. A. J. Musturn of Silvin Grove, Kansas, S. A. Rolshonn, of Pittsburg, Wm. H. Gilbert of Neneanan, Conn., Mayor O. D. Gilbert of Westminster, Md. were guests of J. McC. Gilbert.

Mrs. W. A. Himss and Misses Amelia and Helen Himes, of this place, were guests of Gettysburg relatives over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fanus and three children, of near town, spent several days with friends at Harrisburg.

W. A. Korn and daughter, Philadelphia street, paid a visit to Hellam, last week

Miss Grace Libhart of Hellam spent several days at the Reformed parsonage, Philadelphia street, last week.

After Tipton With Butcher Knife.

The Wilkesbarre Record of Wednesday had the following to say about Robert Tipton, of Gettysburg, a member of the State Constabulary.

While attempting to place Mrs. Alpina Parshak, of Walnut street, Georgetown, under arrest Tuesday, private Tipton of the State constabulary, was attacked by William Ambrose, her father, who with a butcher knife attempted to kill the officer. He was placed under arrest, as was also the woman.

The trouble arose because Michael Chumlewski had a warrant sworn out before Alderman Sullivan, charging Mrs. Parshak with perjury. When Tipton appeared at the home she called to her father. The latter, upon seeing the officer grabbed a knife and made for the latter. Tipton drew his revolver for protection. This seemed to scare Ambrose, and he retreated.

Not wishing to cause any disturbance or shoot, the officer attempted to inform the man in a quiet manner of his business but the latter would not listen. Finally constables Halper and Sullivan, of Alderman Sullivan's office who happened to be at Georgetown on other business were noticed by Tipton passing the house. Calling to them, they went to his assistance The three men then rushed at the fellow and after considerable difficulty placed the hadcuffs upon him.

AN EXPRESSIVE PIANO.

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THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat	$ .92
No. 2 "	90
Raked "	50
Rye	55 @ 70
Corn	65 @ 70
Oats	22 @ 45
Clover seed, per lb	10 @ 12
Timothy seed	1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw	6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay	10 00 @ 14 00

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only $1.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

THE SPINNERS.

Women, O Women, O Women, O Women,
that sing as ye weep and ye weave,
Will ye rede me the rede of the song that
ye sing and the rune of the rope that
ye reeve?
Of a thread of the hair of a love that is
dead and a hair of a love that will be
Do ye weave and ye reeve ere the curtal-
ax cleave; but whereof do ye strand,
ye three?

Oh, Eld is the name of the song that we
sing, and the staves are of Sorrow
and Sleep;
And Weird is the name of the rope that we
reeve as we labor and skelloch and
weep;
Of Hate with a strand, and with Love of a
strand, of the hair of your heverils
twain
Do we reeve as we sing; and we bind them
with Dole that shall be till ye slum-
ber again!

—James E. Richardson, in The Reader.

Two Prisoners.

By Minerva Spencer Handy.

No matter what trouble Katherine got into she was sure to find some way to get out of it. From the time she had been a wee bit of a girl, her mother reached the conclusion that there was no use worrying over Katherine. The child seemed to have the faculty of always "landing on her feet." And this was true, except "once upon a time," when she did not.

One afternoon Katherine was left alone in the house. That is, no one was nearer than the kitchen, where Delia was busily ironing. Katherine's mother had gone to pay some calls in the neighborhood. She had wanted her daughter to go with her, but this young lady had refused.

"What is there for a child to do?" she argued. "She can't play about, because it isn't ladylike. She can't talk because it is ladylike (at least ladies do a good deal of talking). I get very tired sitting on a stiff, high, uncomfortable chair and being told that I have grown a great deal and am getting to look more like somebody every day I live."

Mother laughed and said she thought there was a good deal of truth in what Katherine said. She advised her to stay at home and finish the story book she had gotten a week before on her birthday.

Katherine was delighted. The story was fascinating. It was about a little boy named Charles, whose father was the King of England. Two parties were fighting for the possession of the throne, Charles' father and his uncle. During the contest the king hid his son away at a friend's house, fearing that his enemies might steal the boy. The prince was very lonesome. He was not allowed to talk to anyone or see any person but an old servant who brought him his meals.

He had already been three weeks in this prison room when one day something happened. He had grown tired of watching the sun as it poured through the high latticed windows, and of hearing the happy voices of the harvesters singing outside. They were happy because they were free and this thought made the prince more miserable than ever.

The room in which the boy was imprisoned was called the Cedar Room. It was paneled chair-high with wood, while above this were carved figures. These represented the gods and goddesses which the ancient Greeks and Romans worshiped long ago. Some of them amused the little boy, while others annoyed him equally. Among the first class was Jupiter, who was hurling lightning from his throne. Vulcan, too, was interesting, for he was hammering away on his anvil looking like a very giant in his massive strength.

Charles took the greatest dislike to the goddess Minerva. This famous person had a remarkably ugly nose. When the artist first carved her out of the precious marble her nose was a thing of the greatest beauty, straight and prominent. This prominent feature had no doubt brought it to its final state of ugliness, for because it was so prominent it had gotten chipped off and was now worn off as flat as the nose of some princess of Ethiopia.

Every time Charles looked at Madam Minerva he grew very angry. When he had decided that the most offending portion of Minerva was her nose, the Prince of Wales made up his royal mind what he would do. Seizing his toy bow and setting his lips tight, he said: "I won't put up with her nose any longer! I'll see if I can't hit it."

"Whizz!" went the string. Charles saw that he had hit the nose and the panel began of its own accord to slowly turn as if it were swung on a pivot. It only took a minute more for Charles to discover that behind this panel a secret passage was revealed, and following it the young prince was soon on his way out of his bondage.

Katherine had just gotten this far in her book when she heard the voice of her chum beneath her window. She opened the sash, thrust out her curly head and a pleasant chat followed between the two girls. Katherine's curls were her most pleasant feature, just as Minerva's nose had been her most unpleasant. They were long and yellow, and no doubt looked so pretty in the golden sunshine that some might say a fairy could not resist the temptation to play a trick. What this was, Katherine did not discover until the "good by" of her friend had died away in the distance.

Down came the window and Katherine turned to pick up her book and learn what had happened further in the life of the prince. She had not turned more than a few inches when she discovered that she, like him, was a prisoner even as he had been. Her longest curl had caught in the hinge of the shutter, and the tightly closed window made her doubly a prisoner.

"What shall I do?" cried the terrified child. "I can't make Delia hear in the kitchen and mother won't be home before five. There is nothing for me to do but to stay all these hours in this cramped position. I am worse off than Charles, for he could move around his room, while I get a dreadful yank every time I try to move. This is ever so much worse than making calls, but then mother has often told me that we do not appreciate our blessings until they have flown away. If I only had a bow and arrow, or even a pair of scissors; wouldn't I cut off this curl quicker than I could say Jack Robinson!"

Patience was not one of Katherine's virtues. Perhaps you are thinking that wisdom, or even what is called common sense, was also sadly lacking in her. Instead of doing a little quiet thinking, she worried herself until the tears came and finally her head began to ache with her frantic efforts to free herself from the shutter. Her whole condition was most miserable when her mother found her on her knees several hours later.

When the situation was explained to her, what do you suppose she did. Instead of crying over the unfortunate Katherine as Katherine expected her to do, she burst into a loud and hearty laugh. Katherine was surprised and hurt that mother should show herself so unsympathetic, when her position was cruel enough to melt a heart of stone.

"You foolish child," began her mother. "Here you have been torturing yourself this whole long afternoon, when all you had to do was to raise the window, release your hair from the shutter, when you would have been as free as Charles was when he found the secret passage."

Katherine was in the fifth grade at school and had always been regarded as a bright little girl. Where had her faculty of "landing on her feet" vanished? When she realized how foolish she had been, she decided the best thing she could do was to join in the general laugh at her own expense.—Philadelphia Press.

A Bright, Frothy Tragedy.

"What I want," Francis Wilson told an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, frothy tragedy—something crisp and snappy."

"How do you mean?" asked the would-be author, slightly puzzled. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson. "Here's one. Just a little thing in one act, you know.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embrace. Neither says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the natural inference of every discriminating playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws a revolver and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again. The young man falls dead.

"Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work.

"'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor!'"—Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree, in Everybody's.

Ants to Exterminate Rabbits.

The most curious plan yet proposed for combating the rabbit pest in Australia is the employment of ants, which was recently advocated by the Journal of the Department of Agriculture for Western Australia. As is known generally, the rabbit has multiplied in parts of Australia almost beyond man's comprehension, so that it is difficult to raise many crops, and resort must be had to rabbit-proof fencing, poison-baiting, etc. It is now proposed to introduce from South America a red ant which is not afraid to attack living animals, especially the very young. Just how large a number of these ants are under observation in their native habitat for the purpose of establishing their feeding habits so that no mistake will be made in their introduction is not known. The ant appears to be an especially equipped enemy of the rabbit, since its subterranean habits will make it easy to enter the rabbits' burrows and attack the young "bunnies," which, it is asserted, it can kill in twenty-four hours.

Generous Act Rewarded.

An undertaker named Roberts, at Walthamstow, England, several years ago buried, at his own expense, the body of a friendless woman and child who had been murdered, rather than see them laid in a pauper's grave. He has just received $25,000, bequeathed him by an old gentleman who had admired his act.

Countries of One Crop.

Burmah is one of the world's single-crop countries, basing her prosperity on rice, as Hawaii does on sugar, and the Philippines do on hemp.

WE LIKE TO WORK.

It is the Only True Pleasure in This Life.

If we only knew it we like to work. We all of us insist upon having something to do. And when fate does not force exertion for bread and bed we are sure to work for fun, perhaps only with parties and gold sticks, but, if our forces are expended on higher planes, with painting and poetry and all the beautiful arts. This is the story of the fine arts. They came through the favored folk whose bread not only but tarts and turtle soup were provided as effortlessly as the manna of old and whose energies were vented not for gainful gold but for pure delight in new ways for new things that not yet had become necessities for the wider world.

But in reality all of us do work for a living. Did we not we should perish of strophy. "Keep moving" the Christmas signs say in the shops, and so saith Mother World to all of her children. Brains need work to render and keep us nimble of wit, muscles must exercise if they would be strong. All the ills that flesh is heir to, shall we say, proceed from lack of exercise. Not only is it pleasant to exercise our facilities normally, but it is in this normal exercise that "all pleasure, all enjoyment and all good consist. All want and all pain and the whole of the so-called Welt Schmerz are due to restraints of one sort or another upon this exercise."

When there is no other form of this pain there remain the pains of ennui, the most insufferable of all. These are the miseries of the leisure ones. They must work or suffer the pangs unendurable of nothing to do. Normally they do follow Veblen's splendid instinct of workmanship and do something useful and are scientific, artistic, philosophic, religious. And abnormally they give balls to the monkeys.

They work abnormally, in part because certain sorts of movements have been labeled play and patrician and certain other sorts have been labeled work and outcaste. That is one reason why we like and dislike them. And part of the dislike is lack of ability. Some play is higher caste than work, and some play is easier than work.

Time was when none of us could work. The human race was a child at play in desultory, dallying, spasmodic activities. It could sleep, eat, laugh, but it could not work. In the beginning no one liked to work and no one could work, and only through centuries on centuries of enforced toil have the fittest to work learned to work and survived to work. The original problem, says Lester Ward, the captain of the sociologists, was how to make men work.

The human race has been radically transformed in this respect. The modern industrious artisan or laborer is unlike his primitive ancestor. Compare him with the North American Indian for some little idea of this gross indifference. Compare him especially with those tribes that have adhered to the tribal customs and have adopted none of the habits of the Europeans.

Only those who have had considerable to do with these races realize how impossible it is for them to do anything that we call work. The total lack of power of application, especially among the men, is an almost universal characteristic. It is the daily drudgeries of the women folk busy with the eternal feminine round of feeding and clothing and giving birth to the world, incessantly performed, that bear semblance to the steadiness of modern labors. Men of the primitive type would be perfectly worthless in the industrial world to-day. Their productive power in the economic sense would be nil.

Was it Wizard's wonders that taught man how to work? Did primeval man sip a potion that transfigured silly King Dodo into an energetic laborer? It was the good gift of slavery—our power to work. It was the social mission of slavery, according to Ward, to convert mere activity into true labor. The aim of the conquering race was to gain the maximum advantage from the conquered. And the only permanent valuable belonging to the victims, as the ancient victors astutely saw, was their energy. This energy must be used.

Men and women were enslaved and now must needs go on with untoward toils, not because they loved them nor because they could well cope with them, but because they must do or die. The lash ever was near, and if the lash failed the slave was tortured, and if the tortures did not suffice he was killed.

Shall we ever know or guess or dream how many of our faraway ancestors failed and fainted and faltered by the wayside, unable to adapt their wild, free, capricious lives to toilsome tasks, how many yielded their places to harder, more flexible and mobile types that could bear the burden and transmit some small increment of their new-born powers of endurance to the coming race?

Most of us have been slaves in our primeval pasts. The conquering races ever have been few and the conquered ever have been many. Athens, when the census was taken in the fourth century B. C., had 21,000 citizens, 10,000 foreigners, but 400,000 slaves. It was the toiling millions through thousands of generations that evolved the powers of labor for mankind, evolved the powers of systematic sustained activities which superseded the whimsical movements of the primitive pastimes.

And after the race thoroughly had acquired the habit of work it began to like and love it. One of H. C. Bunner's tiny tales chronicled the courtship of a pair who had fallen in love through the "fatality of proximity." And the "Tale of the Shark" relates the fortunes of the beaver and his enemy out in the storm, "who merely from nervousness, not from good will, marched along shoulder to shoulder."

Men sadly marched shoulder to shoulder merely from nervousness and not from good will with their work, and by the fatality and proximity they acquired the habit of work and finally fell in love with it. And after awhile when the habit became especially strong they could not get work that was hard enough. Wise ones have intimated that the work of the world sometimes would be better done if some of the reasonably clever folk did not fancy they were passing clever, and weep for more worlds to conquer, and demand better, heavier, more wonderful work than they well can do.

But meantime some sorts of work are losing caste. Imagine a child playing with a ball, tossing it haphazard as it will, and letting the ball lie when wearied, which will be right soon. To try taking aim would be irksomely difficult. But under fear of a whip or torment he does take aim and learns to pitch and catch, and joins a baseball nine, and by now he likes pitching fancy curves and will have nothing to do with anything less difficult. That is a parable of the opprobrium attached by us haughty humans to certain sorts of toil.

It is all artificial, this distaste for labor. M. Adolphe Coste, the prominent professor, has studied it all out and he has shown the rest of us who are less prominent in affairs of sociology that employments which now are exclusively followed by the working class and which no gentleman of leisure would deign to pursue were the pride of the greatest men of antiquity.

Many of these were expert masons, carpenters, tanners, forgers, dyers. The men of to-day will not tan and carpenter, but they will row and fish and follow the chase for the satisfactory reason that these are among the privileged pursuits, whereas reaping corn and sowing are peasant occupations which folk of high degree are obliged to disdain, although their natural faculties and capacities may be prime for a farmer's life.

All the race practices useful arts, practiced them until their toils took caste and the lower castes fell into disrepute and were permitted only to people of low degree.

In and of itself there is nothing odious in work which does not exhaust the system. Both body and mind enjoy activities when they are not fatigued with the effort to satisfy the needs of existence. "So long as work is in repute, so long as it involves no loss of caste, it will be done."

Several illustrious men have thought about this, Charles Fourier, the father of Fourierism, perhaps first of all, and he begged us to find a way for redeeming our pristine pleasures in useful labor.—Michigan Tradesman.

A Link With the Past.

The partial rebuilding of Canonbury Tower will no doubt save from early ruin one of the most interesting landmarks of London—almost as valuable a link with the past as Crosby Hall. Although the well known brick tower probably dates only from Henry VIII's day, Canonbury House is supposed to have been built as long ago as 1362, when Poictiers was a very recent memory; and its palmiest days were probably at the close of the sixteenth century, when it had for tenant "rich Spencer," one of London's most famous chief magistrates. It was from Canonbury House, so tradition says, that young Lord Compton carried off Sir John Spencer's only daughter in a baker's basket under the very eyes of her father; and in the ditches close by a Dunkirk pirate, with a dozen of his men, lay in waiting to kidnap the wealthy merchant on his way home from the city. Lord Keeper Coventry lived for a time at Canonbury House, and in 1685 the Earl of Denbigh died there. Among later men of note whom this historic house has sheltered were Speaker Onslow, Humphreys, an eighteenth century poet of some repute, and, chief of all, Oliver Goldsmith, whose room is still pointed out on the first floor of the tower.—Dundee Advertiser.

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Recently four tons and a half of bullets were dug out of a hill behind a rifle range at Yarmouth, England, the accumulation of two years' shooting by the local volunteers. They sold for $122.50 a ton.

Was Mars Talking to Us?

By CHARLES TORQUET.

Strange things are happening. For some time past toward midnight the receivers of the wireless telegraph stations have registered, and for a long period at a time, the signal three dots, which is persistently repeated. It has been proved, after investigation, that from no earthly station has such a message been sent at such a time. What, then, is this mysterious call? These three dots singularly recall three points of light which were observed on the planet Mars in 1901.

Midnight. Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! Three sharp little knocks, short and hurried, sound insistently in the vast silence of the Marconi station. The sleeping employes are awakened with a start, and, frightened and vaguely anxious, they look at each other.

"Did you hear it? It is beginning again. What is it, and who on earth can be sending it?"

"Don't you know your Morse alphabet? Three short dashes mean S. Will that receiver never stop sounding S . . . S . . . S . . . S when no one knows why it is repeating it? It gets on one's nerves—listen!"

Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! "Yes, it is true, but what can we do? Every night this happens at midnight. As long as S is being telegraphed, the receiver will register it. When they have had enough of it they will stop."

But in the loneliness of their stations so lost and solitary at the end of the promontory, the employes at the wireless telegraph station feel, in the oppressive silence of the deserted night, those painful shivers which the black wing of mystery sends creeping up the back as it flies near. For several days past these three taps have been obstinately repeated. Inquiries have been made at all the stations in the world. No one has sent forth such a message. Some one is telegraphing, but not from this world. It must be, then, that the message comes from somewhere beyond. What is this obstinate little voice that calls to us in the darkness across the cold immensity of sidereal space?

Three dots? Wait a moment—why in 1892 and again in 1901 the observers of the heavens were talking about three dots. During those two years, through the most powerful telescopes, a triangle made of three luminous dots was distinguishable on the planet Mars, small to our sight, but in reality immense, a triangle whose sides measured several hundred kilometres in length. These luminous spots stood out in dazzling whiteness against the blood-red background of Mars.—Metropolitan Magazine.

John Bull's Bread-Basket.

Estimating an annual increase of twenty per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course not all the wheat can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seeding, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's bread-basket is not remote.—From "John Bull's Bread-Basket," by Herbert Vanderhoof, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Valuable African Tree.

One of the striking results of the gradual settlement of hitherto uncivilized parts of the world by white races is the discovery of many new vegetable products capable of considerable commercial development. Among these attention has recently been called to a tree named the karite, which abounds in French West Africa, and is found even as far as the sources of the Nile. It produces eatable fruit, containing hard-shelled seeds, which are filled with a fatty substance, used by the natives as butter. The tree does not grow in forests, but in open, park-like expanses, and in gardens. In addition to the fatty substance of the seeds, which, it is thought, may find uses in commerce, the sap of the karite coagulates into a kind of gum, not resembling rubber, but which nevertheless may prove of importance.—Youth's Companion.

Costly Outlay in Cable.

There are said to be at present 250,000 miles of cable in all at the bottom of the sea, representing $250,000,000. This works out at about $1000 per mile to make and lay.

Uncle Allen.

"Once in a while," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "you meet a man who is so busy talking about the 'higher life,' the 'universal brotherhood of man,' and the 'general uplift' that he never has time to change his socks."

SLEEPING-CARS AND A CENT A MILE.

From "The Revolutionizing Trolley," by Alexander Hume Ford, in the Metropolitan Magazine: New Jersey is now ready to adopt the Western system of Pullman sleepers, buffet, and even freight cars on her trolley system, which means that New York City is to have an entirely new service; one that will bring more than half of New Jersey within the reach of hundreds of thousands who have never before dared hope for country homes near the great metropolis. From New York to Philadelphia and return by trolley occupies ten hours and costs two dollars, or a fraction over a cent a mile. This rate will probably be lowered when the through cars are in operation from Fulton Street and Herald Square to the City Hall in Philadelphia. At present the most pleasant trip is by trolley to Trenton, fare eighty cents, and down the Delaware River by steamer to the City of Brotherly Love. From Philadelphia to Atlantic City the through direct line of railway has been electrified so that New York to Atlantic City is already a possibility, via Philadelphia. From Jersey City there is a direct trolley line to Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and beyond. In time this will also be extended to Atlantic City and Cape May. In fact, Jersey is becoming gridironed with trolley lines, and with the promised adoption of the Western system, who knows but that by next summer theatre-goers may not roll into their bunks at Times Square, to be awakened by the car porter a few hours later before their own doors in some distant Jersey town or even in staid, quiet Philadelphia.

WISE WORDS.

Time is money to everybody but a loafer.

After he dines the dyspeptic whines.

Even a good argument is nine-tenths wind.

Wise men cultivate the art of taking things easy.

It takes a smart man to draw a salary for loafing.

Cracking a joke does not necessarily impair its value.

A man's reputation is no better for being guilt edged.

Few men bewail the loss of another man's money.

Lots of men and things seem easy till you try to do them.

Every time a girl falls in love she wonders if it will take.

If a girl is willing to marry she should tell her popper so.

When a man aims at nothing he seldom misses his target.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

Courtship is the first step and matrimony is the rest of the flight.

Too often the error of a minute becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

No small boy minds catching any disease during the school term.

Most commonly a woman argues the same way she gets off a car.

A girl hasn't much faith in a mirror that tells her that she is ugly.

It sometimes happens that a fresh guy is mistaken for a man of nerve.

Revenge may be sweet, but seeking it is apt to sour one's disposition.

Occasionally a man gets off the water wagon and climbs on the band wagon.

When you face misfortune it is time to turn your back on discouragement.

When a man gets religion he has to go to work and build up a new reputation.

When a woman doesn't know her own mind it is time she sought an introduction.

But the average man isn't so anxious to bet on a sure thing as those behind the game are to have him.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

A New Metal.

A new metal called momel, which is expected to cause something of a stir in the industrial world, is being produced at the works of the Canadian Copper Company at Sudbury, Ontario.

It consists of a compound of copper, nickel, iron and one or two other minerals which are found in the district, and its importance lies in the fact that it is much less costly than nickel, is less liable to rust, and will serve all the purposes that are served by that metal in the industrial world.

The new metal is said to be of equal ductile strength with nickel and to possess all its other essential qualities, but it is not claimed that it would serve the purpose of nickel steel, which is used as armor plate. —From the American Metal Worker.

Rice Food For Millions.

Rice, which is the world's leading cereal, is also the leading crop cultivated in the Philippines. In Asia rice constitutes fully one-half the food supply of the population.

A Borough of Spinsters.

There are 33,594 unmarried women in the city of Westminster. Why not face the situation and call the place "Westspinster?"—London Bystander.

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THE SPINNERS.

Women, O Women, O Women, O Women,
that sing as ye weep and ye weave,
Will ye rede me the rede of the song that
ye sing and the rune of the rope that
ye reeve?
Of a thread of the hair of a love that is
dead and a hair of a love that will be
Do ye weave and ye reeve ere the curtal-
ax cleave; but whereof do ye strand,
ye three?

Oh, Eld is the name of the song that we
sing, and the staves are of Sorrow
and Sleep;
And Weird is the name of the rope that we
reeve as we labor and skelloch and
weep;
Of Hate with a strand, and with Love of a
strand, of the hair of your heverils
twain
Do we reeve as we sing; and we bind them
with Dole that shall be till ye slum-
ber again!

—James E. Richardson, in The Reader.

Two Prisoners.

By Minerva Spencer Handy.

No matter what trouble Katherine got into she was sure to find some way to get out of it. From the time she had been a wee bit of a girl, her mother reached the conclusion that there was no use worrying over Katherine. The child seemed to have the faculty of always "landing on her feet." And this was true, except "once upon a time," when she did not.

One afternoon Katherine was left alone in the house. That is, no one was nearer than the kitchen, where Delia was busily ironing. Katherine's mother had gone to pay some calls in the neighborhood. She had wanted her daughter to go with her, but this young lady had refused.

"What is there for a child to do?" she argued. "She can't play about, because it isn't ladylike. She can't talk because it is ladylike (at least ladies do a good deal of talking). I get very tired sitting on a stiff, high, uncomfortable chair and being told that I have grown a great deal and am getting to look more like somebody every day I live."

Mother laughed and said she thought there was a good deal of truth in what Katherine said. She advised her to stay at home and finish the story book she had gotten a week before on her birthday.

Katherine was delighted. The story was fascinating. It was about a little boy named Charles, whose father was the King of England. Two parties were fighting for the possession of the throne, Charles' father and his uncle. During the contest the king hid his son away at a friend's house, fearing that his enemies might steal the boy. The prince was very lonesome. He was not allowed to talk to anyone or see any person but an old servant who brought him his meals.

He had already been three weeks in this prison room when one day something happened. He had grown tired of watching the sun as it poured through the high latticed windows, and of hearing the happy voices of the harvesters singing outside. They were happy because they were free and this thought made the prince more miserable than ever.

The room in which the boy was imprisoned was called the Cedar Room. It was paneled chair-high with wood, while above this were carved figures. These represented the gods and goddesses which the ancient Greeks and Romans worshiped long ago. Some of them amused the little boy, while others annoyed him equally. Among the first class was Jupiter, who was hurling lightning from his throne. Vulcan, too, was interesting, for he was hammering away on his anvil looking like a very giant in his massive strength.

Charles took the greatest dislike to the goddess Minerva. This famous person had a remarkably ugly nose. When the artist first carved her out of the precious marble her nose was a thing of the greatest beauty, straight and prominent. This prominent feature had no doubt brought it to its final state of ugliness, for because it was so prominent it had gotten chipped off and was now worn off as flat as the nose of some princess of Ethiopia.

Every time Charles looked at Madam Minerva he grew very angry. When he had decided that the most offending portion of Minerva was her nose, the Prince of Wales made up his royal mind what he would do. Seizing his toy bow and setting his lips tight, he said: "I won't put up with her nose any longer; I'll see if I can't hit it."

"Whizz!" went the string. Charles saw that he had hit the nose and the panel began of its own accord to slowly turn as if it were swung on a pivot. It only took a minute more for Charles to discover that behind this panel a secret passage was revealed, and following it the young prince was son on his way out of his bondage.

Katherine had just gotten this far in her book when she heard the voice of her chum beneath her window. She opened the sash, thrust out her curly head and a pleasant chat followed between the two girls. Katherine's curls were her most pleasant feature, just as Minerva's nose had been her most unpleasant. They were long and yellow, and no doubt looked so pretty in the golden sunshine that some mischievous fairy could not resist the temptation to play a trick. What this was Katherine did not discover until the "good by" of her friend had died away in the distance.

Down came the window and Katherine turned to pick up her book and learn what had happened further in the life of the prince. She had not turned more than a few inches when she discovered that she, like him, was a prisoner even as he had been. Her longest curl had caught in the hinge of the shutter, and the tightly closed window made her doubly a prisoner.

"What shall I do?" cried the terrified child. "I can't make Delia hear in the kitchen and mother won't be home before five. There is nothing for me to do but to stay all these hours in this cramped position. I am worse off than Charles, for he could move around his room, while I get a dreadful yank every time I try to move. This is ever so much worse than making calls, but then mother has often told me that we do not appreciate our blessings until they have flown away. If I only had a bow and arrow, or even a pair of scissors; wouldn't I cut off this curl quicker than I could say Jack Robinson!"

Patience was not one of Katherine's virtues. Perhaps you are thinking that wisdom, or even what is called common sense, was also sadly lacking in her. Instead of doing a little quiet thinking, she worried herself until the tears came and finally her head began to ache with her frantic efforts to free herself from the shutter. Her whole condition was most miserable when her mother found her on her knees several hours later.

When the situation was explained to her, what do you suppose she did. Instead of crying over the unfortunate Katherine as Katherine expected her to do, she burst into a loud and hearty laugh. Katherine was surprised and hurt that mother should show herself so unsympathetic, when her position was cruel enough to melt a heart of stone.

"You foolish child," began her mother. "Here you have been torturing yourself this whole long afternoon, when all you had to do was to raise the window, release your hair from the shutter, when you would have been as free as Charles was when he found the secret passage."

Katherine was in the fifth grade at school and had always been regarded as a bright little girl. Where had her faculty of "landing on her feet" vanished? When she realized how foolish she had been, she decided the best thing she could do was to join in the general laugh at her own expense.—Philadelphia Press.

A Bright, Frothy Tragedy.

"What I want," Francis Wilson told an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, frothy tragedy—something crisp and snappy."

"How do you mean?" asked the would-be author, slightly puzzled. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson. "Here's one. Just a little thing in one act, you know.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embrace. Neither says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the natural inference of every discriminating playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws a revolver and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again. The young man falls dead.

"Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work.

"'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'" -Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree, in Everybody's.

Ants to Exterminate Rabbits.

The most curious plan yet proposed for combating the rabbit pest in Australia is the employment of ants, which was recently advocated by the Journal of the Department of Agriculture for Western Australia. As is known generally, the rabbit has multiplied in parts of Australia almost beyond man's comprehension, so that it is difficult to raise many crops, and resort must be had to rabbit-proof fencing, poison-baiting, etc. It is now proposed to introduce from South America a red ant which is not afraid to attack living animals, especially the very young. Just how large a number of these ants are under observation in their native habitat for the purpose of establishing their feeding habits so that no mistake will be made in their introduction is not known. The ant appears to be an especially equipped enemy of the rabbit, since its subterranean habits will make it easy to enter the rabbits' burrows and attack the young "bunnies," which, it is asserted, it can kill in twenty-four hours.

Generous Act Rewarded.

An undertaker named Roberts, at Walthamstow, England, several years ago buried, at his own expense, the bodies of a friendless woman and child who had been murdered, rather than see them laid in a pauper's grave. He has just received $25,000, bequeathed him by an old gentleman who had admired his act.

Countries of One Crop.

Burmah is one of the world's single-crop countries, basing her prosperity on rice, as Hawaii does on sugar, and the Philippines do on hemp.

WE LIKE TO WORK.

It Is the Only True Pleasure in This Life.

If we only knew it we like to work. We all of us insist upon having something to do. And when fate does not force exertion for bread and bed we are sure to work for fun, perhaps only with parties and gold sticks, but, if our forces are expended on higher planes, with painting and poetry and all the beautiful arts. This is the story of the fine arts. They came through the favored folk whose bread not only but tarts and turtle soup were provided as effortlessly as the manna of old and whose energies were vented not for gainful gold but for pure delight in new ways for new things that not yet had become necessities for the wider world.

But in reality all of us do work for a living. Did we not we should perish of strophy. "Keep moving" the Christmas signs say in the shops, and so saith Mother World to all of her children. Brains need work to render and keep us nimble of wit, muscles must exercise if they would be strong. All the ills that flesh is heir to, shall we say, proceed from lack of exercise. Not only is it pleasant to exercise our facilities normally, but it is in this normal exercise that "all pleasure, all enjoyment and all good consist. All want and all pain and the whole of the so-called Welt Schmerz are due to restraints of one sort or another upon this exercise."

When there is no other form of this pain there remain the pains of ennui, the most insufferable of all. These are the miseries of the leisure ones. They must work or suffer the pangs unendurable of nothing to do. Normally they do follow Veblen's splendid instinct of workmanship and do something useful and are scientific, artistic, philosophic, religious. And abnormally they give balls to the monkeys.

They work abnormally, in part because certain sorts of movements have been labeled play and patrician and certain other sorts have been labeled work and outcaste. That is one reason why we like and dislike them. And part of the dislike is lack of ability. Some play is higher caste than work, and some play is easier than work.

Time was when none of us could work. The human race was a child at play in desultory, dallying, spasmodic activities. It could sleep, eat, laugh, but it could not work. In the beginning no one liked to work and no one could work, and only through centuries on centuries of enforced toil have the fittest to work learned to work and survived to work. The original problem, says Lester Ward, the captain of the sociologists, was how to make men work.

The human race has been radically transformed in this respect. The modern industrious artisan or laborer is unlike his primitive ancestor. Compare him with the North American Indian for some little idea of this gross indifference. Compare him especially with those tribes that have adhered to the tribal customs and have adopted none of the habits of the Europeans.

Only those who have had considerable to do with these races realize how impossible it is for them to do anything that we call work. The total lack of power of application, especially among the men, is an almost universal characteristic. It is the daily drudgeries of the women folk busy with the eternal feminine round of feeding and clothing and giving birth to the world, incessantly performed, that bear semblance to the steadiness of modern labors. Men of the primitive type would be perfectly worthless in the industrial world to-day. Their productive power in the economic sense would be nil.

Was it Wizard's wonders that taught man how to work? Did primeval man sip a potion that transfigured silly King Dodo into an energetic laborer? It was the good gift of slavery—our power to work. It was the social mission of slavery, according to Ward, to convert mere activity into true labor. The aim of the conquering race was to gain the maximum advantage from the conquered. And the only permanent valuable belonging to the victims, as the ancient victors astutely saw, was their energy. This energy must be used.

Men and women were enslaved and now must needs go on with untoward toils, not because they loved them nor because they could well cope with them, but because they must do or die. The lash ever was near, and if the lash failed the slave was tortured, and if the tortures did not suffice he was killed.

Shall we ever know or guess or dream how many of our faraway ancestors failed and fainted and faltered by the wayside, unable to adapt their wild, free, capricious lives to toilsome tasks, how many yielded their places to harder, more flexible and mobile types that could bear the burden and transmit some small increment of their new-born powers of endurance to the coming race?

Most of us have been slaves in our primeval pasts. The conquering races ever have been few and the conquered ever have been many. Athens, when the census was taken in the fourth century B. C., had 21,000 citizens, 10,000 foreigners, but 400,000 slaves. It was the toiling millions through thousands of generations that evolved the powers of labor for mankind, evolved the powers of systematic sustained activities which superseded the whimsical movements of the primitive pastimes.

And after the race thoroughly had acquired the habit of work it began to like and love it. One of H. C. Bunner's tiny tales chronicled the courtship of a pair who had fallen in love through the "fatality of proximity." And the "Tale of the Shark" relates the fortunes of the beaver and his enemy out in the storm, "who merely from nervousness, not from good will, marched along shoulder to shoulder."

Men sadly marched shoulder to shoulder merely from nervousness and not from good will with their work, and by the fatality and proximity they acquired the habit of work and finally fell in love with it. And after awhile when the habit became especially strong they could not get work that was hard enough. Wise ones have intimated that the work of the world sometimes would be better done if some of the reasonably clever folk did not fancy they were passing clever, and weep for more worlds to conquer, and demand better, heavier, more wonderful work than they well can do.

But meantime some sorts of work are losing caste. Imagine a child playing with a ball, tossing it haphazard as it will, and letting the ball lie when wearied, which will be right soon. To try taking aim would be be irksomely difficult. But under fear of a whip or torment he does take aim and learns to pitch and catch, and joins a baseball nine, and by now he likes pitching fancy curves and will have nothing to do with anything less difficult. That is a parable of the opprobrium attached by us haughty humans to certain sorts of toil.

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Many of these were expert masons, carpenters, tanners, forgers, dyers. The men of to-day will not tan and carpenter, but they will row and fish and follow the chase for the satisfactory reason that these are among the privileged pursuits, whereas reaping corn and sowing are peasant occupations which folk of high degree are obliged to disdain, although their natural faculties and capacities may be prime for a farmer's life.

All the race practices useful arts, practiced them until their toils took caste and the lower castes fell into disrepute and were permitted only to people of low degree.

In and of itself there is nothing odious in work which does not exhaust the system. Both body and mind enjoy activities when they are not fatigued with the effort to satisfy the needs of existence. "So long as work is in repute, so long as it involves no loss of caste, it will be done."

Several illustrious men have thought about this, Charles Fourier, the father of Fourierism, perhaps first of all, and he begged us to find a way for redeeming our pristine pleasures in useful labor.—Michigan Tradesman.

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The partial rebuilding of Canonbury Tower will no doubt save from early ruin one of the most interesting landmarks of London—almost as valuable a link with the past as Crosby Hall. Although the well known brick tower probably dates only from Henry VIII's day, Canonbury House is supposed to have been built as long ago as 1362, when Poictiers was a very recent memory; and its palmiest days were probably at the close of the sixteenth century, when it had for tenant "rich Spencer," one of London's most famous chief magistrates. It was from Canonbury House, so tradition says, that young Lord Compton carried off Sir John Spencer's only daughter in a baker's basket under the very eyes of her father; and in the ditches close by a Dunkirk pirate, with a dozen of his men, lay in waiting to kidnap the wealthy merchant on his way home from the city. Lord Keeper Coventry lived for a time at Canonbury House, and in 1685 the Earl of Denbigh died there. Among later men of note whom this historic house has sheltered were Speaker Onslow, Humphreys, an eighteenth century poet of some repute, and, chief of all, Oliver Goldsmith, whose room is still pointed out on the first floor of the tower.—Dundee Advertiser.

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By CHARLES TORQUET.

Strange things are happening. For some time past toward midnight the receivers of the wireless telegraph stations have registered, and for a long period at a time, the signal three dots, which is persistently repeated. It has been proved, after investigation, that from no earthly station has such a message been sent at such a time. What, then, is this mysterious call? These three dots singularly recall three points of light which were observed on the planet Mars in 1901.

Midnight. Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! Three sharp little knocks, short and hurried, sound insistently in the vast silence of the Marconi station. The sleeping employes are awakened with a start, and, frightened and vaguely anxious, they look at each other.

"Did you hear it? It is beginning again. What is it, and who on earth can be sending it?"

"Don't you know your Morse alphabet? Three short dashes mean S. Will that receiver never stop sounding S . . . S . . . S . . . . S when no one knows why it is repeating it? It gets on one's nerves—listen!"

Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! "Yes, it is true, but what can we do? Every night this happens at midnight. As long as S is being telegraphed, the receiver will register it. When they have had enough of it they will stop."

But in the loneliness of their stations so lost and solitary at the end of the promontory, the employes at the wireless telegraph station feel, in the oppressive silence of the deserted night, those painful shivers which the black wing of mystery sends creeping up the back as it flies near. For several days past these three taps have been obstinately repeated. Inquiries have been made at all the stations in the world. No one has sent forth such a message. Some one is telegraphing, but not from this world. It must be, then, that the message comes from somewhere beyond. What is this obstinate little voice that calls to us in the darkness across the cold immensity of sidereal space?

Three dots? Wait a moment—why in 1892 and again in 1901 the observers of the heavens were talking about three dots. During those two years, through the most powerful telescopes, a triangle made of three luminous dots was distinguishable on the planet Mars, small to our sight, but in reality immense, a triangle whose sides measured several hundred kilometres in length. These luminous spots stood out in dazzling whiteness against the blood-red background of Mars.—Metropolitan Magazine.

John Bull's Bread-Basket.

Estimating an annual increase of twenty per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course not all the wheat can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seeding, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's bread-basket is not remote.—From "John Bull's Bread-Basket," by Herbert Vanderhoof, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Valuable African Tree.

One of the striking results of the gradual settlement of hitherto uncivilized parts of the world by white races is the discovery of many new vegetable products capable of considerable commercial development. Among these attention has recently been called to a tree named the karite, which abounds in French West Africa, and is found even as far as the sources of the Nile. It produces eatable fruit, containing herd-shelled seeds, which are filled with a fatty substance, used by the natives as butter. The tree does not grow in forests, but in open, park-like expanses, and in gardens. In addition to the fatty substance of the seeds, which, it is thought, may find uses in commerce, the sap of the karite coagulates into a kind of gum, not resembling rubber, but which nevertheless may prove of importance.—Youth's Companion.

Costly Outlay in Cable.

There are said to be at present 250,000 miles of cable in all at the bottom of the sea, representing $250,000,000. This works out at about $1000 per mile to make and lay.

Uncle Allen.

"Once in a while," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "you meet a man who is so busy talking about the 'higher life,' the 'universal brotherhood of man,' and the 'general uplift' that he never has time to change his socks."

SLEEPING-CARS AND A CENT A MILE.

From "The Revolutionizing Trolley," by Alexander Hume Ford, in the Metropolitan Magazine: New Jersey is now ready to adopt the Western system of Pullman sleepers, buffet, and even freight cars on her trolley system, which means that New York City is to have an entirely new service; one that will bring more than half of New Jersey within the reach of hundreds of thousands who have never before dared hope for country homes near the great metropolis. From New York to Philadelphia and return by trolley occupies ten hours and costs two dollars, or a fraction over a cent a mile. This rate will probably be lowered when the through cars are in operation from Fulton Street and Herald Square to the City Hall in Philadelphia. At present the most pleasant trip is by trolley to Trenton, fare eighty cents, and down the Delaware River by steamer to the City of Brotherly Love. From Philadelphia to Atlantic City the through direct line of railway has been electrified so that New York to Atlantic City is already a possibility, via Philadelphia. From Jersey City there is a direct trolley line to Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and beyond. In time this will also be extended to Atlantic City and Cape May. In fact, Jersey is becoming gridironed with trolley lines, and with the promised adoption of the Western system, who knows but that by next summer theatre-goers may not roll into their bunks at Times Square, to be awakened by the car porter a few hours later before their own doors in some distant Jersey town or even in staid, quiet Philadelphia.

WISE WORDS.

Time is money to everybody but a loafer.

After he dines the dyspeptic whines.

Even a good argument is nine-tenths wind.

Wise men cultivate the art of taking things easy.

It takes a smart man to draw a salary for loafing.

Cracking a joke does not necessarily impair its value.

A man's reputation is no better for being guilt edged.

Few men bewail the loss of another man's money.

Lots of men and things seem easy till you try to do them.

Every time a girl falls in love she wonders if it will take.

If a girl is willing to marry she should tell her popper so.

When a man aims at nothing he seldom misses his target.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

Courtship is the first step and matrimony is the rest of the flight.

Too often the error of a minute becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

No small boy minds catching any disease during the school term.

Most commonly a woman argues the same way she gets off a car.

A girl hasn't much faith in a mirror that tells her that she is ugly.

It sometimes happens that a fresh guy is mistaken for a man of nerve.

Revenge may be sweet, but seeking it is apt to sour one's disposition.

Occasionally a man gets off the water wagon and climbs on the band wagon.

When you face misfortune it is time to turn your back on discouragement.

When a man gets religion he has to go to work and build up a new reputation.

When a woman doesn't know her own mind it is time she sought an introduction.

But the average man isn't so anxious to bet on a sure thing as those behind the game are to have him.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

A New Metal.

A new metal called momel, which is expected to cause something of a stir in the industrial world, is being produced at the works of the Canadian Copper Company at Sudbury, Ontario.

It consists of a compound of copper, nickel, iron and one or two other minerals which are found in the district, and its importance lies in the fact that it is much less costly than nickel, is less liable to rust, and will serve all the purposes that are served by that metal in the industrial world.

The new metal is said to be of equal ductile strength with nickel and to possess all its other essential qualities, but it is not claimed that it would serve the purpose of nickel steel, which is used as armor plate. —From the American Metal Worker.

Rice Food For Millions.

Rice, which is the world's leading cereal, is also the leading crop cultivated in the Philippines. In Asia rice constitutes fully one-half the food supply of the population.

A Borough of Spinsters.

There are 38,804 unmarried women in the city of Westminster. Why not face the situation and call the place "Westspinster?"—London Bystander.

PERUNA A TONIC OF GREAT USEFULNESS.

HON. R. S. THARIN.

Hon. R. S. Tharin, Attorney at Law and counsel for Anti-Trust League, writes from Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"Having used *Peruna for catarrhal disorder*, I am able to testify to its great remedial excellence and do not hesitate to give it my emphatic endorsement and earnest recommendation to all persons affected by that disorder. It is also a *tonic of great usefulness.*"

Mr. T. Barnecott, West Aylmer, Ontario, Can., writes: "Last winter I was ill with *pneumonia after having la grippe.* I took Peruna for two months, when I became quite well. I also induced a young lady who was *all run down* and confined to the house, to take Peruna, and after taking Peruna for three months she is able to follow her trade of tailoring. *I can recommend Peruna* for all such who are ill and require a tonic."

Pe-ru-na Tablets.

Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of Peruna.

HISTORIC TILE STOLEN.

It Marked the Spot Where President Garfield Fell.

Somebody has stolen from the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Washington, D. C., the small red tile which marked the spot where President Garfield fell when he was shot by Charles J. Guiteau.

The railroad officials have not reported the theft to the police. They think the thief was one of the souvenir-mad persons who make life a burden to the watchmen of Government property. A number of requests have been made by souvenir hunters for permission to buy the tile, but they have always been refused.

Fourteen Years' Auto History.

At the Columbia Exposition the entire automobile output of the country, one car, was contained in one small obscure corner of one building. When the automobile manufacturers of 1907 wanted to exhibit in New York they had to rent not only Madison Square Garden to hold the exhibition cars or the makers who rest upon the Selden basic patent, but also one of the largest armories in town to hold the overflow of what are known as the independent makers. And the floor space of both great halls was crowded full of the different types of machines which the country had produced.—Outing Magazine. 47

Points on Eyesight.

On a trip through Iceland the traveler sees thousands of mountains covered with eternal snow, rivaling the Alps in grandeur; great geysers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is second only to Niagara in size and beauty; crystal streams and lashing rivers; lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glistens in the sun like hoar frost, and, as a crowning glory, the atmosphere is so brilliant, that objects over 50 miles distant appear close at hand.—Springfield Republican.

SCHOOL TEACHERS
Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I have used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general 'gone' feeling with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum, which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts, which I am glad to make known."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Tomfoolery

UP TO DATE.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.

"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"

"You won't understand it, sir," she said.

"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"

"It's on 'woman's rights,' good sir," she said.

"Then you won't marry me, my pretty maid?"

"If they'll cut out 'obey' I will," she said.

—La Touche Hancock, in Judge.

LIKED BY ONE.

Hewitt—"Is he a popular fellow?"

Jewett—"Well, he is quite a favorite with himself."—New York Press.

POOR FELLOW.

"What is a 'paradox', pa?"

"A tall man's condition after marriage when's he's always short."—New York Press.

AN AUDACIOUS THIEF.

"Policeman, that ruffian took my wife's arm."

"All right, sir; we'll search him at the station."—Punch.

DIFFERENCE OF MATERIAL.

One Sexton—"Do you have any matins at your church?"

The Other—"No; we have oilcloth."—Harper's Weekly.

COMPLEXITIES OF SLANG.

"My, but that Green girl is dumb."

"Is she?"

"Well, all you have to do to be sure of it is to hear her talk."

HEARTLESS.

Beggar—"Kind lady, I was not always like this."

Lady—"No; yesterday you had the other arm tied."—Chicago News.

BEST LEFT UNSAID.

Old Gent—"Where are you living now?"

Young Gent—"Just down by the river. Drop in some day. I shall be so glad."—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

AN INSINUATION.

Hewitt—"That girl is trying to catch me."

Jewett—"She is liable to get into trouble for usurping the powers of the official dog catcher."—New York Press.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

The Guide—"Hold on! Don't shoot! That's a flock of tame ducks."

Amateur Hunter (elatedly)—"By George! I'm glad you noticed it. We'll be able to get quite close before firing, won't we?"—Puck.

A PRIVILEGED CLASS.

"Biggins says he thinks that there ought to be a privileged class in this country."

"Really," exclaimed Miss Cavenne. "I didn't know before that Mr. Biggins had purchased a motor car."—Washington Star.

BETTER DAYS.

Eve was calling on a neighbor.

"No," she remarked, "when we lived in the garden we never had to borrow rubber plants for our entertainments."

Thus she started the seen better days habit.—St. Louis Times.

MERITED REBUKE.

Mrs. Coopah—"Gi' me foah o' dem lady fingahs."

The Clerk—"Those are not lady fingers. They're chocolate eclairs."

Mrs. Coopah—"Doan yo' talk t' me, Missy. Doan Ah know a lady fingah when Ah sees one?"—Puck.

SOME DARK CHAPTERS.

Father (impressively)—"Consider our numerous captains of industry and keep in mind that nearly all were the architects of their own fortunes."

Son—"Sure! But you don't see any of them exhibiting blue prints of the details of construction."—Puck.

UNFORTUNATE FOR BOTH.

The Court—"Where have I seen you before? Your face seems familiar."

The Prisoner (who has been run in on a charge of vagrancy)—"Why, y'r Honor, when we was young fellers we—er—both courted the same gal."

The Court—"The fine will be $50 and costs. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

MIXED ROYAL MARRIAGES.

Holy See's Hostility to Such Alliances Has Become Greater.

The marriage of the Bonaparte princess, a Roman Catholic, with Prince George of Greece, who belongs to the orthodox Church, is causing much discussion in aristocratic circles. Several ecclesiastics are reported to have declared that if the court has always been favorable to mixed marriages it is because that in cases where the necessary dispensation has been granted the parties have not held to the promises made as regards educating the children in the Roman Catholic faith. It is added that two recent cases have occurred which have increased the Holy See's hostility to mixed marriages.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who became orthodox so that he could be elected Prince of Bulgaria, obtained permission to marry a Roman Catholic princess, and promised to educate his children in that religion, a promise which it is alleged was not kept.

The second occasion is that of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who is alleged to have made the same promises and never to have kept them. As regards the Bonaparte princess it is stated at the vatican that the parties will have to enter a formal engagement and find serious guarantees that the children of the marriage shall be educated in the Roman Catholic faith.

How Indians Poison Arrows.

An old Cherokee Indian recently gave away the secret how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrowheads for war purposes, or for killing bears. They took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance. About midday the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the cooking sun. The bucks would poke the first rattler they could find with the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping. The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up with the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison. Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upright position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was then pounded to fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was death to any creature which it entered on arrows.—Denver Field and Farm.

Record of Railroad Deaths.

The remarkable showing of the statistics of railroad accidents for the year ending June 30, last, proves that it has not been without justification that the people throughout the United States have become aroused to the necessity of more scientific railroading. The figures are furnished by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and indicate that more men and women were killed and injured last year than ever before in the history of American railroads.

The only excuse offered by the railroads is the old one of defective rails. They declare that they are willing to pay for the best rails procurable, but that the best rails are not good enough to meet the requirements of present day traffic. While the railroad business has steadily advanced, while a heavier strain is constantly being put upon the rails, the improvement in rails has practically come to a standstill. Rails that were quite adequate a decade or two ago are no longer considered safe, but the railroads say they can obtain no better.

The World's Meat Eaters.

Contrary to common opinion, the people of the United States are neither the biggest meat eaters of the world, nor is their per capita consumption of meat increasing. A recent report of the department of agriculture shows that during the last 25 years our consumption of meat has been steadily decreasing, while that of foreign nations has been increasing.

Large Paintings.

H. B. Judy, the artist, connected with the ethnological department of the Brooklyn Museum, has completed a work on which he has been engaged for the last three years. It is a painting of a panoramic view of the Indian country of Arizona, on a strip of canvas 190 feet long and five feet high, and has been placed in the Indian room of the museum.

Church For Sale.

When North Gosforth Church, near Newcastle, England, which had never been consecrated, but in which services had been held regularly, was put up at auction not a bid was made for the property.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

An elephant works from the age of 12 to 80. He can haul 15 tons, lift half a ton and carry three tons on his back.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

Indian Schools.

The Cherokees, who tracked De Soto's footsteps for many weary days while he was marching through the southern forests and swamps, and who later welcomed Oglethorpe to Georgia, are the most advanced Indians in civilization and the most eager for education, spending $200,000 a year on their schools and colleges.

The Chickasaws have five colleges with 5400 students, maintained at a yearly cost of $17,000. They also have 13 district schools, costing $16,000.

The Choctaws have 150 schools, in some of which the higher branches taught.

The Seminoles, one of the smaller tribes, have 10 colleges and 65 common schools, with a total attendance of 2,500.—Indian School Journal.

VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

A Pioneer of Colorado and Nebraska.

Matthias Campbell, veteran of the Civil War and two Indian wars, and a pioneer of Colorado, now living at 218 East Nebraska street, Blair, Neb., says: "I had such pains in my back for a long time that I could not turn in bed, and at times there was an almost total stoppage of the urine. My wife and I have both used Doan's Kidney Pills for what doctors diagnosed as advanced kidney troubles, and both of us have been completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Reindeer in Alaska.

It is now nearly 20 years since Dr. Sheldon Jackson of the United Sates Bureau of Education obtained from Congress an appropriation to import reindeer from Siberia across the Bering Strait. During the first year 16 deer were brought over by Dr. Jackson personally. During successive years others were imported until nearly a thousand had come altogether. There are today no fewer than 16,000 domestic reindeer distributed in herds along the North Alaska coast.

CALLS HIS CURE A MIRACLE.

Tortured by Terrible, Dry Eruptions —Too Disfigured to Leave House —Cuticura Cured Him.

"Ever since the time I grew into manhood I have been suffering from a dry eruption which at times appeared very extensively, and at other times, but to a limited degree, on my body. I consulted a number of medical men without result, and last January I was afflicted with a terrible eruption on my hands, scalp, and face, which was so bad that I could not even leave the house, so I finally resorted to the Cuticura Remedies. So far they represent an outlay of only a few dollars and I am completely restored to health, while formerly I had spent dollars upon dollars on doctors, remedies and ointments without getting cured. The Cuticura Remedies represent a perfect miracle. Henry E. Kamping, 633 Eagle Ave., New York, N. Y., Feb. 16 and Mar. 15, 1906."

The French unit of horsepower is one-seventh less than the English.

Discouraged?

If your present work is a failure, better try mine; I pay *$3.00 per day*, in cash, for good work. Details cost you nothing.

ATKINSON, 1024 Race St., Philadelphia.

P. N. U. 47, 1907.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

NATURE PROVIDES FOR SICK WOMEN

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

e more potent remedy in the roots and herbs of the field than was ever produced from drugs.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines and Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., in her study of roots and herbs and their power over disease discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value

During its record of more than thirty years, its long list of actual cures of those serious ills peculiar to women, entitles Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the respect and confidence of every fair minded person and every thinking woman.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful functions, weakness, displacements, ulceration or inflammation, backache, flatulency, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other remedy in the country has such a record of cures of female ills, and thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound and what it has done for them.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. For twenty-five years she has been advising sick women free of charge. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and as her assistant for years before her decease advised under her immediate direction. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Violin as a Hair Restorer.

It is now a scientifically proved fact that music exercises a great influence on the growth of the hair. It is with good reason that great musicians, such at Paganini, Liszt and Paderewski, are represented with a growth of hair which Absalom might have envied.

Science has proved that stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments act in the opposite direction. Every one has probably observed that a bald violinist is as rare as a bald horn player is common. Wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced effect either way.—Paris Menestrel.

Jewels Bring Good Prices.

Twenty thousand dollars for a drop-shaped pearl scarf pin, $15,000 for a pearl stud, $4,000 for coat fastener formed of a white bouton pearl with gold bar, $850 for seven buttons en suite and $750 for a pair of brilliant sleeve links—these are a few of the prices realized at the recent London sale of a noble marquis' jewels.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

No one ever really hears what a preacher says in performing a marriage ceremony.

Keys of All Kinds.

Probably the largest and most interesting assortment of keys in the State of Maine is in the office of Superintendent of Public Buildings Francis Keefe at Augusta. There are thousands of keys in the glass cases on the walls of every size and description, from the mail box key, just large enough to be easily seen, to the elevator keys, which are about four inches long.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bronze Door for the Capitol.

The models of the large bronze doors which the Washington sculptor, Louis Amaties, was authorized to design for the main west entrance of the Capitol need only a few finishing touches before they will be ready to cast. The massive doors will be nearly eight feet in width and more than 13 in height.

STIFF, YES?

WET AND DAMP CAUSE COLD IN THE JOINTS

ST JACOBS OIL

TAKES OUT THE PAIN AT ONCE, REMOVES THE STIFFNESS. PREVENTS ITS RETURN, TOO. FINE FOR BRUISES, SPRAINS AND SORENESS.

Price 25c and 50c.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 & $3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

$25,000 Reward *To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more Men's $3 & $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.*

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and who's workmanship cannot be excelled.

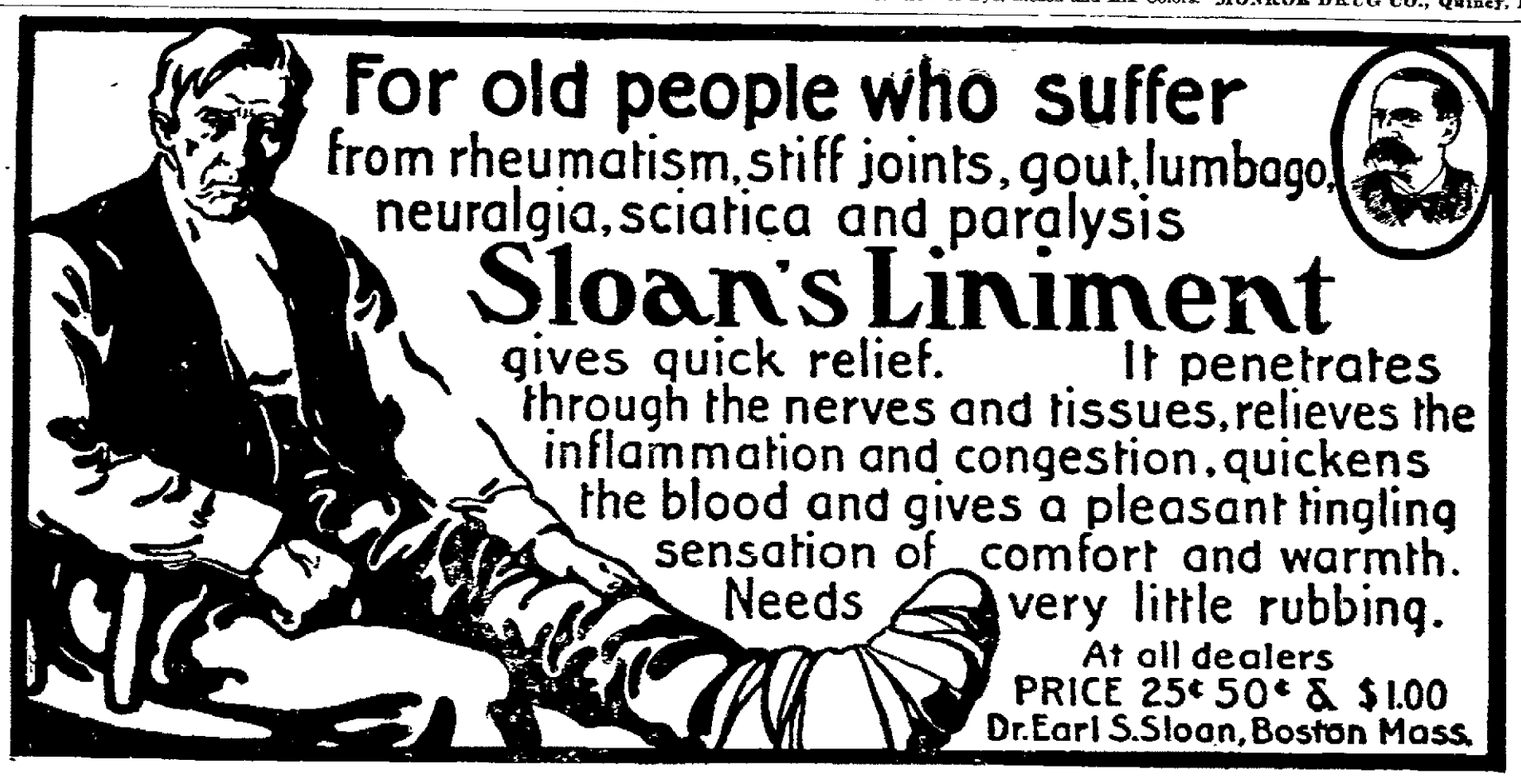
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My $4.00 and $5.00 GILT EDGE Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take **No Substitute.** Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.



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The railroad officials have not reported the theft to the police. They think the thief was one of the souvenir-mad persons who make life a burden to the watchmen of Government property. A number of requests have been made by souvenir hunters for permission to buy the tile, but they have always been refused.

Fourteen Years' Auto History.

At the Columbia Exposition the entire automobile output of the country, one car, was contained in one small obscure corner of one building. When the automobile manufacturers of 1907 wanted to exhibit in New York they had to rent not only Madison Square Garden to hold the exhibition cars or the makers who rest upon the Selden basic patent, but also one of the largest armories in town to hold the overflow of what are known as the independent makers. And the floor space of both great halls was crowded full of the different types of machines which the country had produced.—Outing Magazine. 47

Points on Eyesight.

On a trip through Iceland the traveler sees thousands of mountains covered with eternal snow, rivaling the Alps in grandeur; great geysers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is second only to Niagara in size and beauty; crystal streams and lashing rivers; lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glistens in the sun like hoar frost, and, as a crowning glory, the atmosphere is so brilliant, that objects over 50 miles distant appear close at hand.—Springfield Republican.

SCHOOL TEACHERS
Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I have used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general 'gone' feeling with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum, which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts, which I am glad to make known."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Tomfoolery

UP TO DATE.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.

"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"

"You won't understand it, sir," she said.

"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"

"It's on 'woman's rights,' good sir," she said.

"Then you won't marry me, my pretty maid?"

"If they'll cut out 'obey' I will," she said.

—La Touche Hancock, in Judge.

LIKED BY ONE.

Hewitt—"Is he a popular fellow?"

Jewett—"Well, he is quite a favorite with himself."—New York Press.

POOR FELLOW.

"What is a 'paradox', pa?"

"A tall man's condition after marriage when's he's always short."—New York Press.

AN AUDACIOUS THIEF.

"Policeman, that ruffian took my wife's arm."

"All right, sir; we'll search him at the station."—Punch.

DIFFERENCE OF MATERIAL.

One Sexton—"Do you have any matins at your church?"

The Other—"No; we have oilcloth."—Harper's Weekly.

COMPLEXITIES OF SLANG.

"My, but that Green girl is dumb."

"Is she?"

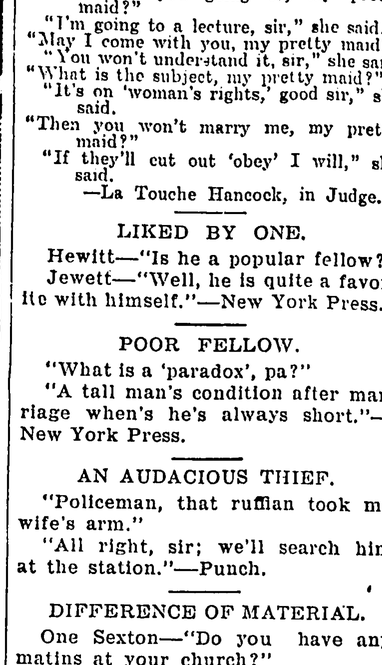
"Well, all you have to do to be sure of it is to hear her talk."

HEARTLESS.

Beggar—"Kind lady, I was not always like this."

Lady—"No; yesterday you had the other arm tied."—Chicago News.

BEST LEFT UNSAID.



Old Gent—"Where are you living now?"

Young Gent—"Just down by the river. Drop in some day. I shall be so glad."—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

AN INSINUATION.

Hewitt—"That girl is trying to catch me."

Jewett—"She is liable to get into trouble for usurping the powers of the official dog catcher."—New York Press.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

The Guide—"Hold on! Don't shoot! That's a flock of tame ducks."

Amateur Hunter (elatedly)—"By George! I'm glad you noticed it. We'll be able to get quite close before firing, won't we?"—Puck.

A PRIVILEGED CLASS.

"Biggins says he thinks that there ought to be a privileged class in this country."

"Really," exclaimed Miss Cavenne. "I didn't know before that Mr. Biggins had purchased a motor car."—Washington Star.

BETTER DAYS.

Eve was calling on a neighbor.

"No," she remarked, "when we lived in the garden we never had to borrow rubber plants for our entertainments."

Thus she started the seen better days habit.—St. Louis Times.

MERITED REBUKE.

Mrs. Coopah—"Gi' me foah o' dem lady fingahs."

The Clerk—"Those are not lady fingers. They're chocolate eclairs."

Mrs. Coopah—"Doan yo' talk t' me, Missy. Doan Ah know a lady fingah when Ah sees one?"—Puck.

SOME DARK CHAPTERS.

Father (impressively)—"Consider our numerous captains of industry and keep in mind that nearly all were the architects of their own fortunes."

Son—"Sure! But you don't see any of them exhibiting blue prints of the details of construction."—Puck.

UNFORTUNATE FOR BOTH.

The Court—"Where have I seen you before? Your face seems familiar."

The Prisoner (who has been run in on a charge of vagrancy)—"Why, y'r Honor, when we was young fellers we—er—both courted the same gal."

The Court—"The fine will be $50 and costs. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

MIXED ROYAL MARRIAGES.

Holy See's Hostility to Such Alliances Has Become Greater.

The marriage of the Bonaparte princess, a Roman Catholic, with Prince George of Greece, who belongs to the orthodox Church, is causing much discussion in aristocratic circles. Several ecclesiastics are reported to have declared that if the court has always been favorable to mixed marriages it is because that in cases where tthe necessary dispensation has been granted the parties have not held to the promises made as regards educating the children in the Roman Catholic faith. It is added that two recent cases have occurred which have increased the Holy See's hostility to mixed marriages.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who became orthodox so that he could be elected Prince of Bulgaria, obtained permission to marry a Roman Catholic princess, and promised to educate his children in that religion, a promise which it is alleged was not kept.

The second occasion is that of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who is alleged to have made the same promises and never to have kept them. As regards the Bonaparte princess it is stated at the vatican that the parties will have to enter a formal engagement and find serious guarantees that the children of the marriage shall be educated in the Roman Catholic faith.

How Indians Poison Arrows.

An old Cherokee Indian recently gave away the secret how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrowheads for war purposes, or for killing bears. They took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance. About midday the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the cooking sun. The bucks would poke the first rattler they could find with the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping. The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up with the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison. Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upright position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was then pounded to fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was death to any creature which it entered on arrows.—Denver Field and Farm.

Record of Railroad Deaths.

The remarkable showing of the statistics of railroad accidents for the year ending June 30, last, proves that it has not been without justification that the people throughout the United States have become aroused to the necessity of more scientific railroading. The figures are furnished by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and indicate that more men and women were killed and injured last year than ever before in the history of American railroads.

The only excuse offered by the railroads is the old one of defective rails. They declare that they are willing to pay for the best rails procurable, but that the best rails are not good enough to meet the requirements of present day traffic. While the railroad business has steadily advanced, while a heavier strain is constantly being put upon the rails, the improvement in rails has practically come to a standstill. Rails that were quite adequate a decade or two ago are no longer considered safe, but the railroads say they can obtain no better.

The World's Meat Eaters.

Contrary to common opinion, the people of the United States are neither the biggest meat eaters of the world, nor is their per capita consumption of meat increasing. A recent report of the department of agriculture shows that during the last 25 years our consumption of meat has been steadily decreasing, while that of foreign nations has been increasing.

Large Paintings.

H. B. Judy, the artist, connected with the ethnological department of the Brooklyn Museum, has completed a work on which he has been engaged for the last three years. It is a painting of a panoramic view of the Indian country of Arizona, on a strip of canvas 190 feet long and five feet high, and has been placed in the Indian room of the museum.

Church For Sale.

When North Gosforth Church, near Newcastle, England, which had never been consecrated, but in which services had been held regularly, was put up at auction not a bid was made for the property.

FITS, St Vitus' Dance: Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

An elephant works from the age of 12 to 80. He can haul 15 tons, lift half a ton and carry three tons on his back.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

Indian Schools.

The Cherokees, who tracked De Soto's footsteps for many weary days while he was marching through the southern forests and swamps, and who later welcomed Oglethorpe to Georgia, are the most advanced Indians in civilization and the most eager for education, spending $200,000 a year on their schools and colleges.

The Chickasaws have five colleges with 5400 students, maintained at a yearly cost of $47,000. They also have 13 district schools, costing $16,000.

The Choctaws have 150 schools, in some of which the higher branches taught.

The Seminoles, one of the smaller tribes, have 10 colleges and 65 common schools, with a total attendance of 2,500.—Indian School Journal.

VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

A Pioneer of Colorado and Nebraska.

Matthias Campbell, veteran of the Civil War and two Indian wars, and a pioneer of Colorado, now living at 218 East Nebraska street, Blair, Neb., says: "I had such pains in my back for a long time that I could not turn in bed, and at times there was an almost total stoppage of the urine. My wife and I have both used Doan's Kidney Pills for what doctors diagnosed as advanced kidney troubles, and both of us have been completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Reindeer in Alaska.

It is now nearly 20 years since Dr. Sheldon Jackson of the United Sates Bureau of Education obtained from Congress an appropriation to import reindeer from Siberia across the Bering Strait. During the first year 16 deer were brought over by Dr. Jackson personally. During successive years others were imported until nearly a thousand had come altogether. There are today no fewer than 16,000 domestic reindeer distributed in herds along the North Alaska coast.

CALLS HIS CURE A MIRACLE.

Tortured by Terrible, Dry Eruptions—Too Disfigured to Leave House—Cuticura Cured Him.

"Ever since the time I grew into manhood I have been suffering from a dry eruption which at times appeared very extensively, and at other times, but to a limited degree, on my body. I consulted a number of medical men without result, and last January I was afflicted with a terrible eruption on my hands, scalp, and face, which was so bad that I could not even leave the house, so I finally resorted to the Cuticura Remedies. So far they represent an outlay of only a few dollars and I am completely restored to health, while formerly I had spent dollars upon dollars on doctors, remedies and ointments without getting cured. The Cuticura Remedies represent a perfect miracle. Henry E. Kamping, 633 Eagle Ave., New York, N. Y., Feb. 16 and Mar. 15, 1906."

The French unit of horsepower is one-seventh less than the English.

Discouraged?

If your present work is a failure, better try mine; I pay *$3.00 per day*, in cash, for good work. Details cost you nothing.

ATKINSON, 1024 Race St., Philadelphia.

P. N. U. 47, 1907.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

NATURE PROVIDES FOR SICK WOMEN

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

a more potent remedy in the roots and herbs of the field than was ever produced from drugs.

In the good old fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines and Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., in her study of roots and herbs and their power over disease discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value.

During its record of more than thirty years, its long list of actual cures of those serious ills peculiar to women, entitles Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the respect and confidence of every fair minded person and every thinking woman.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful functions, weakness, displacements, ulceration or inflammation, backache, flatulency, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other remedy in the country has such a record of cures of female ills, and thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound and what it has done for them.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. For twenty-five years she has been advising sick women free of charge. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and as her assistant for years before her decease advised under her immediate direction. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Violin as a Hair Restorer.

It is now a scientifically proved fact that music exercises a great influence on the growth of the hair. It is with good reason that great musicians, such at Paganini, Liszt and Paderewski, are represented with a growth of hair which Absalom might have envied.

Science has proved that stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments act in the opposite direction. Every one has probably observed that a bald violinist is as rare as a bald horn player is common. Wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced effect either way.—Paris Menestrel.

Jewels Bring Good Prices.

Twenty thousand dollars for a drop-shapod pearl scarf pin, $15,000 for a pearl stud, $4,000 for coat fastener formed of a white bouton pearl with gold bar, $850 for seven buttons en suite and $750 for a pair of brilliant sleeve links—these are a few of the prices realized at the recent London sale of a noble marquis' jewels.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

No one ever really hears what a preacher says in performing a marriage ceremony.

Keys of All Kinds.

Probably the largest and most interesting assortment of keys in the State of Maine is in the office of Superintendent of Public Buildings Francis Keefe at Augusta. There are thousands of keys in the glass cases on the walls of every size and description, from the mail box key, just large enough to be easily seen, to the elevator keys, which are about four inches long.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bronze Door for the Capitol.

The models of the large bronze doors which the Washington sculptor, Louis Amaties, was authorized to design for the main west entrance of the Capitol need only a few finishing touches before they will be ready to cast. The massive doors will be nearly eight feet in width and more than 13 in height.

STIFF, YES?

WET AND DAMP CAUSE COLD IN THE JOINTS

ST JACOBS OIL

TAKES OUT THE PAIN AT ONCE, REMOVES THE STIFFNESS. PREVENTS ITS RETURN, TOO. FINE FOR BRUISES, SPRAINS AND SORENESS.

Price 25c and 50c.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 & $3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

$25,000 Reward To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more Men's $3 & $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and who's workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

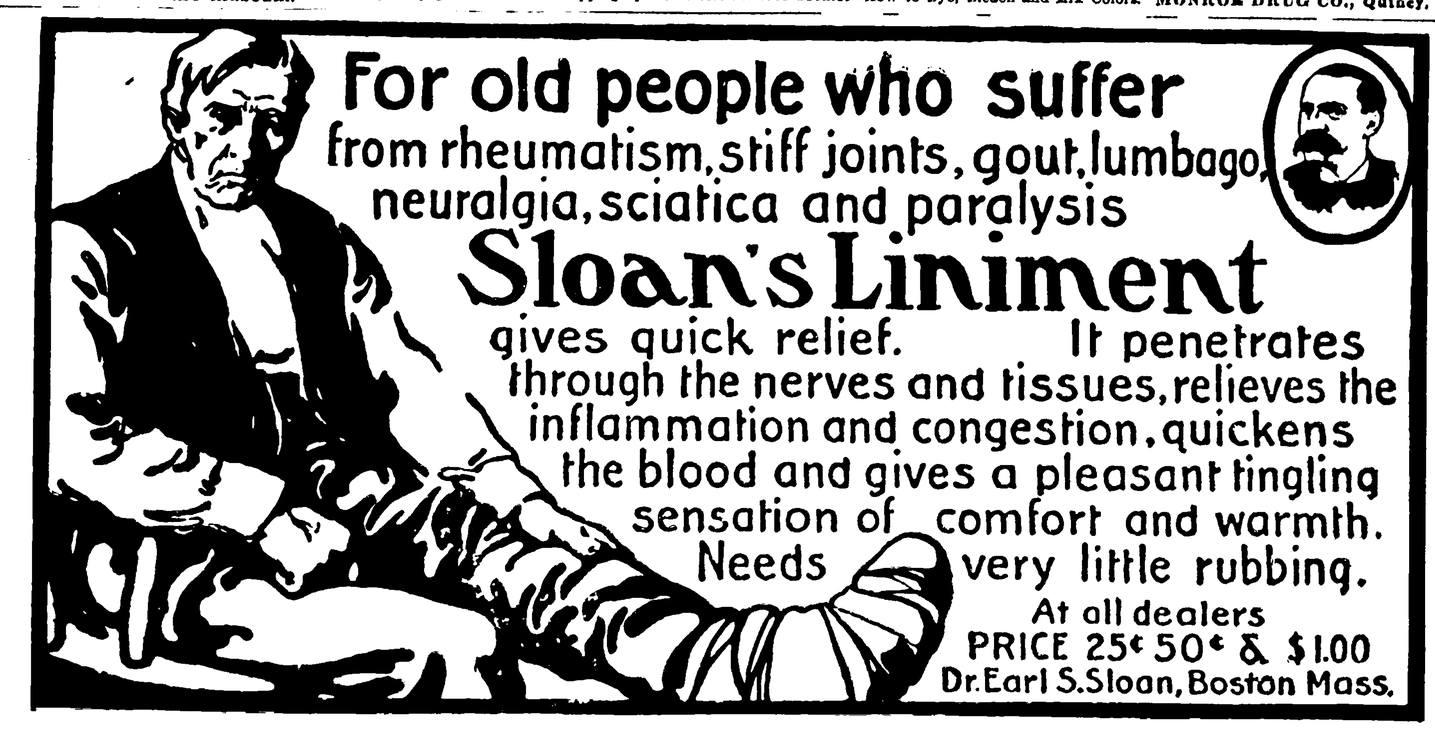
My $4.00 and $5.00 GILT EDGE Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

For old people who suffer



from rheumatism, stiff joints, gout, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica and paralysis

Sloan's Liniment

gives quick relief. It penetrates through the nerves and tissues, relieves the inflammation and congestion, quickens the blood and gives a pleasant tingling sensation of comfort and warmth. Needs very little rubbing.

At all dealers

PRICE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston Mass.

Benjamin Haas was killed at Leesport by a handcar jumping the track and overturning on him after falling down an embankment.

Partaking of a hearty dinner at his home at Shoenerville George Winch, a wealthy farmer, arose from the table, and as he was putting on his coat, fell over dead from heart trouble. He was 51 years old.

Samuel Heffner and John Hile, two carpenters, one 83 and the other 75 years old, and Henry Carl, a plasterer, 93 years old, are remodeling an old church near Middletown. When it comes to age these workmen are record breakers

Francis M. Gehman, of Dillinger, near Allentown, while out hunting last Saturday, accidentally shot his dog, but did not kill it outright. He therefore prepared to give it another shot and put it out of its misery, when the gun exploded, badly injuring Mr. Gehman in the head and arm.

BADLY MIXED UP.—Abraham Brown, of Winterton, N Y., had a very remarkable experience, he says. "Doctors got badly mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble; the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble, but none of them helped me; so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed to cure blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by ED. T. AUKER drug gist, 50c.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C A. BLOCHER, 7 18-tf. Center Square, Gettysburg.

A DANGEROUS DEADLOCK,—that sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your remedy. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back. 25c. at ED. T. AUKER'S drug store.

Headache Sufferers

Do you want relief—in just a few moments and no bad after-effects.

If so, you have only to take, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

If subject to headache, have them with you always. No harm can come from their use, if taken as directed, as they contain no opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica or chloral hydrate, or their derivatives.

Ask your druggist about them.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to refer to the Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills as the best remedy we have ever had in our house for the prevention and cure of headache My wife who has been a constant sufferer for years with the above complaint joins me in recommending Dr. Miles' Anti Pain Pills, hoping they may fall into the hands of all who suffer."
J. I. BUSH, Watervleit, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,
—SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,
WILL BE
AT GETTYSBURG,
Dec. 16th to 21st, 1907.

FREE TILL CHRISTMAS
A Handsome Unbreakable
Rubber Comb Free
The comb retails at 50c. and will be given away to anybody who purchases one of

Dr. Scott's
ELECTRIC
HAIR BRUSHES
$1.00

My brush is guaranteed to cure failing hair, dandruff and all scalp disorders. It relieves nervous headache and neuralgia.
Made of selected bristles. No wire to injure the hair or scalp.
Beware of imitations. My brush is packed in neat box, with compass to test power
Appropriate Christmas Gift—sent by insured mail postpaid, for $1.00 with our 30-day guarantee. Send for book on specialties, mailed free. Don't forget to accept this offer.
Established since 1875
Dr. Geo. A. Scott, 870 Broadway, New York

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Suggestions For Christmas Time.

DRESS GOODS

of all the newest styles and weaves. Silks in all colors, Blacks and Plaids for dresses and waist.

Ladies', Misses and Children's COATS AND FURS

in up to the minute styles.

Table Linen & Napkins,

also table cloth and napkins to match, in sets.

Silk Shirt Waists

in black, also in white: a large selection of Cream and White Wool Goods for ladies waists.

Ladies' and Gent's Umbrellas, specialy fine for Christmas presents.

Handkerchiefs, &c.

Ladies' and Gent's Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Gloves, Silk Muflers, Ladies' Neck Ruffs, Hosiery—a lage selection for ladies' gent's and children.

Underwear in cotton and wool.

Bed Blankets, &c.

Comforts made with good Silkoline on both sides and filled with pure white cotton.

One case sample Cretonne Swatches—the 12½c the yard quality, at 18c the pound—about 3c to 4c the yard: Just the thing for bed comforts and cushions.

Toilet Sets, Fancy Combs, Ladies' Hand Bags, &c.

White Bed Spreads

at all prices, from 59c upwards to $5.00.
Apron Ginghams at 5c and 6c the yd.
Blue Calico in remnants, at 5c.

Lace Curtains

at all prices and special values, portiers and poles.

Carpets, Etc.

Brusels, Ingrain and Rag Carpets.
Floor Oil Cloth, Linoleum, Rugs, Art Squares.

Carpet Sweeper.

Sweep your carpet with a Bissels Carpet Sweeper and save your carpet.

Come see us, we'll make purchasing an easy task.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street,

Hanover, Penn'a.

THERE IS AN
Ordinary Way
of doing things, but we are never satisfied with the ordinary way. We always aim
To Do Better.
The proof of it is the constantly increasing demand for the
BANNER FLOUR
manufactured at the
New Oxford Flouring Mills,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
J. R. HARTMAN.
Proprietor.

DEATRICK BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Ellis Taylor, 26 years old of Altoona, employed as a brakeman on the P. R. R., lost his balance and fell under the wheels of his train and the Granville branch, and was instantly killed Saturday.

New Store News.

When you want to please the appetite, why not come to the New Store where you get everything Fresh and of the Highest Quality.

Look for our Holiday ad. in this space next week.

Reduced Prices on Heaters.

$35.00 Double Heaters now reduced to $30.00.
$30.00 Double Heaters now reduced to $25.00.
$18.00 Double Heaters now reduced to $15.00.
Come to see us and we will save you money.

FAIR & CASHMAN,

—The Leaders,—
Carlisle Street, NEW OXFORD.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

KATZ FURNITURE CO.,

130 Carlisle Street,
Hanover, Penna.

CHRISTMAS FURNITURE HEADQUARTERS.

THE most useful gift that you can give is **Furniture** and we have the best line in Hanover. Pick your goods early and avoid rush. We will keep your goods for you and when ready we will ship or deliver them, pack them and pay the freight. Here is what you can get at Katz's for Papa, Mother, Sister, Brother, Best Girl or Best Fellow:

Brass Beds, Iron Beds, Buffets—15 patterns, sideboards in 20 patterns, serving boards, odd dressers, chiffoneers, princess dressers, ladies' dressing tables in all popular woods, ladies' desks, ladies' secretarys, china cases, crystal closets, book cases, music cabinets, combination book cases and desks, celarets in mission, mission upright clocks, costumes in brass, maple, oak, mahogany, mission roll-top desks, pillar tables, square tables, hall racks in all popular wood, flat-top desks, kitchen cabinets, library tables, hall seats, wardrobes, card tables, mirrors, and rugs, druggets, taberets, bed room suits in birdseye walnut, oak, mahogany and early English, jardinere stands Turkish rockers, Morris rockers, leather mahogany, mission, oak, sleepy hollow, verins martin, loose cushion and inlaid rockers, high chairs, children's rockers, couches in leather verona and velours, Morris chairs, dining room chairs, hat rack mirrors, Parlor Suits—35 patterns, mission settees, Mahogany divans, Davenports, drop-end couches, cribs—in brass and iron, odd chairs, roman seats, Indian stools, shirt waist boxes, parlor stands, springs, mattresses, stoves, etc.

Walk in and look around and see what you can get for presents that are very useful.

Katz Furniture Company,

130 Carlisle Street, Hanover, Penna.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Everything In Groceries

New, Fresh and Carefully Selected.

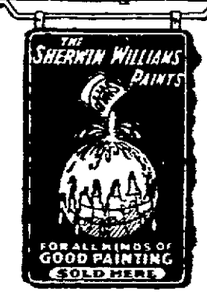
Canned Goods Sale.

Special Sale for Saturday Only.

Large can of Tomotoes 8c. regular price 10c.
Canned Peas 7c per can, regular price 10c.
Canned Corn 6c per can, regular price 10c.
We have about 200 lbs. of that good loose roated coffee which we will sell at 10c per pound.
Our line of Holiday Goods will be larger and better than ever before.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,
THE LEADING GROCER.
Pitt Street, New Oxford.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE



We have secured the agency for this territory for *The Sherwin-Williams Paint*—the best known and most widely sold house paint made.

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No matter what you want to paint or varnish, you'll get best results and save money if you use *The Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes.* We carry the full line.

—Sold by—
Weaver M'f'g. Co.,

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Benjamin Haas was killed at Leesport by a handcar jumping the track and overturning on him after falling down an embankment.

Partaking of a hearty dinner at his home at Shoenerville George Winch, a wealthy farmer, arose from the table, and as he was putting on his coat, fell over dead from heart trouble. He was 51 years old.

Samuel Heffner and John Hile, two carpenters, one 83 and the other 75 years old, and Henry Carl, a plasterer, 93 years old, are remodeling an old church near Middletown. When it comes to age these workmen are record breakers.

Francis M. Gehman, of Dillinger, near Allentown, while out hunting last Saturday, accidentally shot his dog, but did not kill it outright. He therefore prepared to give it another shot and put it out of its misery, when the gun exploded, badly injuring Mr. Gehman in the head and arm.

BADLY MIXED UP.—Abraham Brown, of Winterton, N. Y., had a very remarkable experience; he says: 'Doctors got badly mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble; the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble; but none of them helped me; so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed to cure blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by ED. T. AUKER drug gist, 50c.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. BLOCHER,
7 18-tf. Center Square, Gettysburg.

A DANGEROUS DEADLOCK,—that sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions. To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your remedy. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back. 25c. at ED. T. AUKER'S drug store.

Headache Sufferers

Do you want relief—in just a few moments and no bad after-effects.

If so, you have only to take, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

If subject to headache, have them with you always. No harm can come from their use, if taken as directed, as they contain no opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica or chloral hydrate, or their derivatives.

Ask your druggist about them.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to refer to the Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills as the best remedy we have ever had in our house for the prevention and cure of headache. My wife who has been a constant sufferer for years with the above complaint, joins me in recommending Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, hoping they may fall into the hands of all who suffer."
J. I. BUSH, Watervleit, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,
—SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,
WILL BE
AT GETTYSBURG,
Dec. 16th to 21st, 1907.

FREE TILL CHRISTMAS
A Handsome Unbreakable
Rubber Comb Free
The comb retails at 50c, and will be given away to anybody who purchases one of

Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES

My brush is guaranteed to cure falling hair, dandruff and all scalp disorders. It relieves nervous headache and neuralgia.

Made of selected bristles. No wire to injure the hair or scalp.

Beware of imitations. My brush is packed in neat box, with compass to test power

Appropriate Christmas Gift—sent by insured mail postpaid, for $1.00 with our 30-day guarantee. Send for book on specialties, mailed free. Don't forget to accept this offer.

Established since 1878

$1.00

Dr. Geo. A. Scott, 870 Broadway, New York

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Suggestions For Christmas Time.

DRESS GOODS

of all the newest styles and weaves. Silks in all colors, Blacks and Plaids for dresses and waist.

Ladies', Misses and Children's
COATS AND FURS
in up to the minute styles.

Table Linen & Napkins,
also table cloth and napkins to match, in sets.

Silk Shirt Waists
in black, also in white; a large selection of Cream and White Wool Goods for ladies waists.

Ladies' and Gent's Umbrellas, specialy fine for Christmas presents.

Handkerchiefs, &c.
Ladies' and Gent's Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Gloves, Silk Muflers, Ladies' Neck Ruffs, Hosiery—a lage selection for ladies' gent's and children.

Underwear in cotton and wool.

Bed Blankets, &c.
Comforts made with good Silkoline on both sides and filled with pure white cotton.

One case sample Cretonne Swatches—the 12½c the yard quality, at 18c the pound—about 3c to 4c the yard; Just the thing for bed comforts and cushions.

Toilet Sets, Fancy Combs, Ladies' Hand Bags, &c.

White Bed Spreads
at all prices, from 59c upwards to $5.00.

Apron Ginghams at 5c and 6c the yd.

Blue Calico in remnants, at 5c.

Lace Curtains
at all prices and special values, portiers and poles.

Carpets, Etc.
Brusels, Ingrain and Rag Carpets.

Floor Oil Cloth, Linoleum, Rugs, Art Squares.

Carpet Sweeper.
Sweep your carpet with a Bissels Carpet Sweeper and save your carpet.

Come see us, we'll make purchasing an easy task.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street,

Hanover, Penn'a.

THERE IS AN
Ordinary Way
of doing things, but we are never satisfied with the ordinary way. We always aim
To Do Better.
The proof of it is the constantly increasing demand for the
BANNER FLOUR
manufactured at the
New Oxford Flouring Mills,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
J. R. HARTMAN.
Proprietor.

DEATRICK BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Ellis Taylor, 26 years old of Altoona, employed as a brakeman on the P. R. R., lost his balance and fell under the wheels of his train and the Granville branch, and was instantly killed Saturday.

New Store News.

When you want to please the appetite, why not come to the New Store where you get everything Fresh and of the Highest Quality.

Look for our Holiday ad. in this space next week.

Reduced Prices on Heaters.

$35.00 Double Heaters now reduced to $30.00.
$30.00 Double Heaters now reduced to $25.00.
$18.00 Double Heaters now reduced to $15.00.
Come to see us and we will save you money.

FAIR & CASHMAN,
—The Leaders,—
Carlisle Street, NEW OXFORD.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

KATZ FURNITURE CO.,

130 Carlisle Street,

Hanover, Penna.

CHRISTMAS FURNITURE HEADQUARTERS.

THE most useful gift that you can give is **Furniture** and we have the best line in Hanover. Pick your goods early and avoid rush. We will keep your goods for you and when ready we will ship or deliver them, pack them and pay the freight. Here is what you can get at Katz's for Papa, Mother, Sister, Brother, Best Girl or Best Fellow:

Brass Beds, Iron Beds, Buffets—15 patterns, sideboards in 20 patterns, serving boards, odd dressers, chiffoneers, princess dressers, ladies' dressing tables in all popular woods, ladies' desks, ladies' secretarys, china cases, crystal closets, book cases, music cabinets, combination book cases and desks, celarets in mission, mission upright clocks, costumen in brass, maple, oak, mahogany, mission roll-top desks, pillar tables, square tables, hall racks in all popular wood, flat-top desks, kitchen cabinets, library tables, hall seats, wardrobes, card tables, mirrors, and rugs, druggets, taberets, bed room suits in birdseye walnut, oak, mahogany and early English, jardinere stands Turkish rockers, Morris rockers, leather mahogany, mission, oak, sleepy hollow, verins martin, loose cushion and inlaid rockers, high chairs, children's rockers, couches in leather verona and velours, Morris chairs, dining room chairs, hat rack mirrors, Parlor Suits—35 patterns, mission settees, Mahogany divans, Davenports, drop-end couches, cribs—in brass and iron, odd chairs, roman seats, Indian stools, shirt waist boxes, parlor stands, springs, mattresses, stoves, etc.

Walk in and look around and see what you can get for presents that are very useful.

Katz Furniture Company,

130 Carlisle Street, Hanover, Penna.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Everything In Groceries

New, Fresh and Carefully Selected.

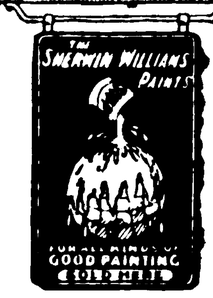
Canned Goods Sale.

Special Sale for Saturday Only.

Large can of Tomotoes 8c, regular price 10c.
Canned Peas 7c per can, regular price 10c.
Canned Corn 6c per can, regular price 10c.
We have about 200 lbs. of that good loose roated coffee which we will sell at 10c per pound.
Our line of Holiday Goods will be larger and better than ever before.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,
THE LEADING GROCER.
Pitt Street, New Oxford.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE



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